

MY
FIRST TRIP
ABROAD

Joseph G. Butler, Jr.



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JOSEPH G. BUTLER, Jr.

MY FIRST TRIP ABROAD

By JOSEPH G. BUTLER, Jr.

Cleveland,
The Benton Press Co.,
1912

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This book is affectionately dedicated
to the memory of my wife, Harriet
V. Butler, who accompanied me from
start to finish on "My First
Trip Abroad".



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PREFACE

In Nineteen Hundred and Eight, I went abroad for the first time, accompanied by a portion of my family.

During this journey, I took copious notes, secured many photographs and other illustrations of places visited. On my return, I wrote an account of the trip, entitled "My First Trip Abroad". At the time this was written, I had no intention whatever of publishing it, but after looking over the manuscript recently, I decided to have a limited edition printed for distribution among relatives and friends.

At the time the manuscript was written, there was no talk of war between the great powers of Europe, and if for no other reason, the impressions gained from military preparations then in evidence, seem now to warrant printed publication of the account of this first trip.

The last chapter in this book, "A Day in Washington's Country" is reprinted from "Presidents I Have Seen and Known". The visit to the home of President Washington's ancestors was in the year 1911. The Sulgrave Manor has since been purchased and is now controlled by a Board of Governors, about equally divided between England and the United States. Their names appear at the end of this volume.

Two Hundred copies of this edition have
been printed of which this
is number

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JOSEPH G. BUTLER, Jr.
Youngstown, Ohio

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MY FIRST TRIP ABROAD

Joseph G. Butler, Jr.

CHAPTER I—THE START

ONE of the dreams of my life has been to go abroad. Business and family cares seemed to prevent the realization of this dream until Thursday, July 2, 1908. On that date, accompanied by Mrs. Butler, our eldest grandson John Willard Ford, and Miss Evelyn Cooper we boarded the Hamburg-American line steamer *Amerika* at Hoboken, N. J. At 11 a. m., the great ship was loosed from its moorings and we were soon on the broad Atlantic, headed for Germany.

The *Amerika* is one of the finest passenger vessels afloat, not fast, but large, steady and comfortable. The boat is nearly 700 feet long and is filled up with all the comforts of home.

The scene leaving the Hoboken dock was one to be remembered; the morning was fine and the thousands of people who had come to bid their friends and relatives goodbye made the occasion one largely of joy, and some sorrow. As the ship pulled out, bands played, flags and handkerchiefs waved and fluttered in the breeze, and this continued until the crowd were out of sight and hearing. One jolly party followed the steamer for miles in a tug boat, bidding adieu to friends aboard, determined to have a last lingering look.

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One of the pleasures of a foreign trip is the receiving of ship letters sent by friends and which are distributed quite soon after sailing. We were fortunate in receiving a number of letters and telegrams, all of which added to our happiness. We were also favored with several baskets of fruit and champagne sent by our good friends.

On board we met some acquaintances, and people we knew of but had not met—the former being Mr. W. S. Pilling and family of Philadelphia, and the latter Mr. Max Smith, a musical critic of New York and his sister, Miss Gertrude Norman Smith, a talented girl and a composer of music. All these friends proved companionable, and with other acquaintances formed later on the voyage, added much to the pleasure and profit of the trip.

Among the good people we met and liked, and who apparently liked us, were Mrs. Donnelly, a charming middle aged lady, of perhaps under forty, a charity worker; Mrs. Spencer and Mrs. Scott, two young widows of New York, who, with Mrs. Donnelly, sat directly opposite us at the table. These three proved particularly attractive and considerate.

Also there sat at our table, nearly opposite, Professor Cloudsley Brereton, an author and educator, and something of a character as well, adding considerable to our amusement during the voyage.

We also met Dr. John S. Billings, a war veteran and noted surgeon during the Civil war, now in charge of the Public Libraries in New York, and Mr. John L. Cadwallader, a noted New York corporation lawyer.

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We met others and became acquainted as people do on voyages of this kind, but those named above impressed us favorably and proved good friends on the voyage, and I anticipate much pleasure in meeting at least some of them, hereafter.

The weather during the entire trip across the ocean was fine, and as a matter of fact, continued so during the entire voyage, from the time we left New York until starting on the return voyage.

Out on the broad ocean, with the roomy decks, two extending around the ship, one is reminded of the Board Walk at Atlantic City. During the day and until late at night, hundreds pace the deck for fresh air and exercise, as is done at Atlantic City by those who walk instead of using a rolling chair.

The discipline aboard the ship seemed perfect, under the direction of Captain Knuth, a typical good-natured German, and his admirable organization. The Marconi system of wireless telegraphy is installed in the boat and daily communication had with foreign shores and other vessels on the ocean. A joint German and American post office is maintained aboard and letters are handled and mailed when opportunity offers, the same as ashore. The use of stamps is broadened by new post office regulations.

The people in the second class cabins seemed a jolly lot and many quite as well-appearing as the majority of first class passengers. The dancing to the Merry Widow Waltz on the second cabin deck was a daily occurrence, watched with interest by the first

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class passengers, and enjoyed to the fullest extent by the second class people, spectators and participants.

My first experience with German money was rather odd and novel, but one soon learns the difference and handles it like a veteran. In my own case I trusted largely to the recipients of the coin.

"The Glorious Fourth" occurred on board, during our second day out and was duly and truly celebrated. In anticipation of the celebration—being something of an event—I had purchased before I left New York, a couple of fine and fairly good sized American flags. I also had with me a number of small flags. The tables for dinner were patriotically decorated and our particular table was "the observed of all observers", our two silk flags flying at the head. The bands played patriotic airs and some of the passengers sang patriotic songs.

Some people, ourselves included, tried to form a procession of Americans to march around the ship, but this did not succeed. Not being a veteran traveler, I did not feel like taking the lead, and no one else offered.

The celebration however, was a complete success and wound up with a grand ball on the upper deck, which was walled in with canvas for the occasion.

About this time I was introduced to Captain Knuth and found him a most agreeable gentleman. As the weather was fine and his duties consequently not onerous, he had time and devoted much of it to the comfort and pleasure of the passengers.

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The fourth day out was Sunday, and I expected of course, some sort of religious service would be held, but nothing of the kind occurred and upon inquiry the Captain remarked that there were too many varieties of worshipers aboard to harmonize. As a large percentage of the passengers were of the Hebrew persuasion I thought the remark significant.

Up to this time, we had not, to my surprise, passed any vessels. I supposed this would be at least an hourly incident, but I had forgotten the size of the ocean and the fact that each steamer has a separate course, but at dinner time the alarm was sounded and a steamer reported passing. Everyone rushed from the table to see the sight. The vessel was quite large and proved to be the Lorraine. The Captain returned to the table, apparently somewhat disgusted and remarked "only a tramp", thereby meaning, a tramp steamer.

On the fifth day out, being Monday, we met and passed another steamer. It was quite early in the morning and I was unable to learn the name, but it was a fine sight.

A newspaper is published on board and distributed gratis. This paper gives the daily log and any important wireless dispatches.

Upon consultation with Mr. Pilling, an old ocean traveler, he suggested the following schedule of fees for servants aboard. As this is the subject of considerable dispute, the schedule is herein reproduced and is substantially the sums I paid at the end of the voyage.

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Room stewards	\$3.75 each person
Stewardess	2.50 for two people
Table steward	5.00 for two people
Bath steward	2.50 for each person
Deck steward	2.50 for two people
Boots	1.00 for each person
Library if much used	2.50 for each person

On the sixth day we passed a vessel from New Orleans, this time not a "tramp". It proved to be the Comedian bound for Liverpool, loaded with cotton, a very large ship. It was about 9 p. m. and signals were exchanged and the event celebrated by a discharge of fire works, principally from our boat. It was a really brilliant sight to see a somewhat liberal display of fireworks on mid-ocean.

The weather became colder but continued clear. The first bird appeared, showing our near approach to land. It proved to be a frigate gull and for one single bird, created considerable excitement and was cheered and encouraged.

Betting by this time on the daily run of the steamer began to be quite lively and considerable money changed hands. On an investment of \$15 one man cleaned up \$430. It is a good deal of a lottery.

I supposed one of the principal occupations aboard ocean steamers was poker playing but little or nothing of the kind occurred during the voyage on the Amerika.

On the seventh day out, July 8, a few more birds put in an appearance and a few dolphins and other large denizens of the deep showed themselves, but not in such numbers or variety as I had anticipated.

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THE CAPTAIN'S DINNER

This is an event of considerable importance on many of the liners and is given special prominence on the first class Hamburg-American ships.

At 7 p. m. on Wednesday, July 8, all first class passengers received a special notice of the proposed event. The dining room was finely decorated with German and American flags and the tables were also properly strewn with miniature flags and other emblems of patriotism, both American and German, presenting a handsome appearance.

The band played patriotic airs of both nations, the waiters beamed as an unusual number of bottles of wine were ordered and opened for this special occasion, and all present were smiling and happy. Near the close of the dinner, the lights were turned out for a brief period and when again turned on, showed a procession of the employees, dressed fantastically and marching around the room. The procession included the regulation "Uncle Sam", a typical German, dressed something like a keg of beer, and a veritable Sambo, dressed as a dandy darkey, twirling a cane and singing coon songs. The whole affair was creditable and ended by a grand ball on the Kaiser deck, walled in with canvas, the same as on the evening of July 4.

The following day was rainy and colder. Vessels appeared in the offing and other signs of land were in evidence, such as several lighthouses, fishing smacks plying their avocation and a plentiful number of sea gulls flying around.

CHAPTER II—FIRST GLIMPSE OF EUROPE

AT 8 p. m. the first land was sighted, the Scilly Islands, and preparations were begun for landing London passengers at Plymouth. This did not materialize until after midnight and none of our party waited for the event except John Willard. He loyally remained up to see his friends off and lost nearly a night's sleep in his efforts to be polite as the actual embarkation did not take effect, or at least was not completed, until 4 o'clock the following morning.

Notwithstanding the lateness, or rather the earliness of the hour, the band played and the noise and confusion went on. The Pillings and Mr. Max Smith left us at Plymouth.

At 5 a.m. the eighth day, the great liner started again for Cherbourg and the final destination—Hamburg. As the Normandy coast was reached the panorama before us reminded me of one of Monchablon's paintings. Villages and farms and clumps of trees were dotted here and there, presenting a picturesque scene with the variegated artistic coloring.

As the boat neared Cherbourg, a warlike appearance, much in contrast with the quiet peaceful look of the Normandy coast, presented itself. The forts and embattlements of Cherbourg are quite persuasive of the far off—Universal Peace.

CHAPTER III—GERMANY

ON this Friday evening I gave a little farewell private dinner to our friends whom we had met and enjoyed during the voyage. The guests were Mrs. Donnelly and Miss Smith. We had previously given a like function and had as our guests Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Spencer and Professor Brereton. In the evening Dr. Sinclair Smith of New York entertained a company of which I was one, with "Reminiscences of Dickens". This was one of the pleasant incidents of the voyage.

Saturday, July 11 was our final day on the boat. Our packing was completed early in the morning, the clocks were changed for the last time, making a difference of six hours between Hamburg and Youngstown. We passed through the North Sea and soon the German coast appeared. As it was to be my first landing on foreign soil, I was considerably stirred up over the event. We settled with the stewards and soon the tender appeared to land us at Cuxhaven, the German landing, preliminary to reaching Hamburg. After leaving the tender we passed a solid line of faces on each side, reaching from the beginning of the landing place to the Custom House. The faces were stolid in appearance and while not unfriendly, did not appeal to me as a very warm welcome to the Fatherland.

My first step on German soil was on a rough stone pavement and when we reached the Custom House, all traces of sentiment disappeared. We had seven

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pieces of baggage and they came from the tender in seven different vans. However, after seeing nearly everybody on the platform and with considerable patience, the agony was over. Some of the trunks were opened and curiously examined and at the end of two hours from the time of landing we were ready to take the train for Hamburg.

My first sight of a Continental train excited the risibles. Little dinky cars, some of them no larger than the original Brier Hill street cars. This was a Special Train De Luxe and ran fast. We passed thatched roof houses, antiquated wind mills, storks, and irrigation everywhere. I was impressed by the neat appearance of the farms, and the fine looking cattle, also the smooth road-bed upon which the train was running, and the absence of trees. The houses were either all brick or stone or stucco, not a wooden building in sight.

We procured a conveyance and were driven to the Esplanade, a first class Ritz Hotel.

We were accompanied from Cuxhaven to Hamburg by Miss Smith and a Grand Opera singer, Madame Stone. As they were to leave on a late train, John Willard, with my assistance, went to the station late in the evening, and saw them off.

After the recovery of John's lost suit case, we returned to the hotel and slept my first night in Germany, the sleep of the tired, if not of the just.

HAMBURG

The main office of the Hamburg line is at Hamburg,

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and a few words about the Hamburg-American line will not be out of place. It is one of the old established steamship corporations dating back 60 years. The original fleet consisted of three sailing vessels. Its present fleet numbers nearly 400 with an aggregate tonnage of 1,000,000 tons.

The first trip from Hamburg to New York was made half a century since in a three-masted sailing vessel, 700 tons burthen. The Amerika has a tonnage of 23,000 tons, a marked contrast. The company sends its steamers to all parts of the world and in addition to its splendid transatlantic service, makes a specialty of tourist trips to the Mediterranean, the Orient, and in short, the uttermost parts of the earth. Incidentally, it is a source of keen regret to me that the American flag flies so little in foreign ports, and that the greater proportion of our foreign traffic, both passenger and freight, is done with foreign bottoms, carrying alien flags.

Hamburg is a large city and is famous the world over for its being the only place where wild animals are bought and sold to any great extent. Hagenbecks is a household word. The original Hagenbeck is dead and a fine monument is erected to his memory in the Hagenbeck park which we visited. The business is carried on by his heirs and successors.

This is the supply depot. Animals are furnished to menageries and zoological gardens. The world agents and hunters are at work everywhere, gathering in fresh supplies.

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The Hagenbeck park covers a large area and contains thousands of wild animals, and is an interesting place to visit. We saw a wonderful performance, some of the animals doing tricks and performing stunts almost incredible in wild creatures.

A gigantic statue of Bismark is one of the attractions of Hamburg, including the pedestal it is fully 75 feet high.

We walked through the botanical gardens, which is one of the attractions of the city and is really fine, and has the advantage of being in the heart of the city. We procured a carriage and drove through the residence portion of the city. We saw some fine places, much attention being paid to the gardens and lawns. Flowers are everywhere. Most of the residences have outside window boxes and these are filled with beautiful flowers and clinging vines.

My attention was here first arrested to the custom of walking arm in arm, which seemed prevalent all over Germany.

We drove to the Farhaus for dinner. This is the Claremont of Hamburg, and a really artistic place, largely out of doors and with a fine military band. We had a good dinner, but when we were ready to return it was raining and in spite of the vigorous efforts of attaches of the restaurant, we were unable to procure a carriage. Some lively telephoning was done, and each time the answer came back, "We can't send a carriage because it is raining". As it was getting late, we made a break, in the driving storm for the boat landing,

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boarded a small boat, crossed the river, found a lonely cab and reached the Esplanade, pretty well drenched.

Monday, July 13, we left Hamburg for Berlin, at noon, traveling first class, which we afterwards discovered was a waste of money, as we could have gone quite comfortably, as most people do, second or third class. It was haying time, and as the train sped along, we could see the farmers, or rather peasants, harvesting the hay crop. There appeared to be as many women in the fields at work as men.

We arrived in Berlin at 4 p. m. collected our luggage, employed two carriages and were soon at the Adlon, the best hotel we found in all our travels. We were met by the manager in person, and by him, conducted to our rooms. The inner court is a beautiful garden. We had a suite of rooms good enough for royalty, and as compared with the Waldorf, quite inexpensive. The manager of the hotel and the assistant manager wore Prince Albert suits and high hats, and they try to make each particular guest believe they are giving him or her their individual attention. All the employees wear a light blue livery and are polite to excess, the most of them remove their hats and greet you passing by. We were also introduced to Mr. Adlon, the proprietor of the hotel.

We got a taxicab and drove about the city to familiar places. Mrs. Butler having lived in Berlin for more than a year in 1889 and 1890. The seeing of familiar locations after the lapse of so many years was quite exhilarating to Mrs. Butler, and the remainder of the party caught the infection.

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On Tuesday, July 14, we hired an automobile and went to Potsdam. We visited Sans Souci palace, built by Frederick the Great. We were shown through the entire palace and I had my first experience of being personally conducted. We first saw the Voltaire room, so called, filled with relics of the great unbeliever. Porcelain flowers, decorations on the walls, his clock, bust in marble, an autograph letter, etc.

The next room was the bedroom of William the Second and his wife. Then Queen Louise's room, containing her writing desk, clock, etc. Then the Speene Saal (dining room) round room with solid block of carrarra marble.

We were then taken to the music room of Frederick the Great. He was a composer of music and the music stand, on which lies an original composition, is shown just as he had left it.

We saw the clock which was stopped the moment of his death, 2:20 p.m. and has not been disturbed since, also the original mask taken after his death.

We were then conducted to the reception room with alcove where he died, sitting in his chair by the window. The chair is now in Berlin. The room contained also pictures of his mother and governess, above the bed.

Another room contained the state bed, where visiting royalty were entertained.

The ceiling and side walls of the library are made from cedar brought from the Holy Land, the "Cedars

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of Lebanon". The library contains nearly 2,000 books all in French, showing the influence of Voltaire. The library also contains four busts brought from Pompeii, one being the bust of Homer and another of Apollo.

We were then conducted to the long gallery, which is hung with paintings and filled with statues.

After our dismissal from the palace, we went to the historic wind mill, now owned by the government, but in Frederick the Great's time, owned by an old miller, who refused to sell it. The story is too well known to repeat.

After a walk about the grounds, we lunched at the Automobile Club in Potsdam and met our first American acquaintances, Mr. D. B. Meacham of Cincinnati, who was traveling with his family. Our return to the city through the woods, proved a delightful ride and I was forcibly impressed with seeing so many fine parks and so much woods, and so many green spots almost in the heart of the city.

We dined at Kaminsky's, a noted cafe, and in the evening, with John Willard, I visited Kolbs Garden, a noted place for distributing beer, and with the additional attraction of a fine military band, playing by permission of the military authorities.

Wednesday, July 16, we started on a shopping tour and succeeded in parting with some of our money.

At noon I called upon the American ambassador, or rather called at the American embassy. The Ambassador was not in and I left my card. Upon our return to the hotel I found his card, which ended this

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international affair, or would have ended it, but for the advice of a friend at court, as will appear later.

The present ambassador is Mr. David Jayne Hill, a trained diplomat of long experience, and the subject of many disagreeable newspaper articles and cable correspondence.

THE BERLIN MUSEUM

In the afternoon we visited the Berlin Museum, or rather the old part of it. The rooms we saw were filled principally with old plaster casts and reproductions of but little interest. We saw, however, before returning to the hotel, some helmets dating back 600 years B. C. We went to Rheingold's for dinner, another of the noted Berlin cafes.

Thursday morning I called upon Mr. A. M. Thackara, the American consul general. Found him a very agreeable gentleman and I judge, quite competent for the position. I asked him for some German statistical information, which he promised to supply later on. Meantime, Mr. Thackara telephoned his wife and insisted that we should meet her at the American Women's Club, of which she is the head. I hustled around with a taxicab, gathered up the remainder of the party and we were there at the appointed time. Mrs. Thackara is a charming, educated woman, the daughter of our great war general, William T. Sherman. She proved to be a valuable acquaintance, and the ladies were delighted with her. She is doing a great deal for Americans in Germany, in a social way. She is a Catholic and I think rather proud of the fact.

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We lunched at the Adlon and met the genial, breezy, almost world known John W. Gates. His greeting was extremely cordial, and I was glad to see him.

In the afternoon, acting under the advice of our new found friend, Consul General Thackara, I called, with John Willard, upon the American ambassador. We found him a plain, every day business man, and we were treated with extreme cordiality. He remembered meeting me at President McKinley's funeral. His means are limited and he will find it difficult to follow in the footsteps of his prodigal predecessor—Charlemagne Tower, the personal friend of Emperor William.

In the afternoon we visited the Zoological gardens, which, after seeing Hagenbeck's at Hamburg, were somewhat disappointing. We saw two old battered elephants, one of them looked as if he dated back to Noah's ark, assuming there were elephants in this first collection of animals.

Upon our return we drove through the Thier Garden, one of Mrs. Butler's favorite haunts during previous visits, and stopped for some time admiring the beautiful statue of Queen Louise. It is certainly the finest marble statue I saw during our trip.

For our dinner we drove to Hellensee, a most beautiful circular terrace, overlooking a lake and river, and a garden filled with flower beds, the flowers in full bloom. We had an outside table overlooking all this artistic display. The cafe has accommodations for

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4,000 diners at one time and every seat was taken. We were at first refused a table, but a small shekel placed in the right spot got us a choice location, the chair having been turned up and the table marked "engaged". We found, after some delay, an English waiter, so we ordered and ate a fine dinner.

As I wanted to see something of Berlin I engaged the commissionaire of the hotel, and after our return to the Adlon, I went out with him to several cafes and dance halls. I saw nothing extraordinary, or at least, nothing to compare with life and gayety of the noted New York after-theatre restaurants and returned to the hotel somewhat disappointed.

On Friday we visited Fraulien Volckman, an old friend of Mrs. Butler and other members of the family. She was very cordial and went with us to the American church in Berlin. We felt quite interested in this, as Mrs. Butler had raised quite a sum of money to assist in buying the church property many years previous. We could find no trace of this donation and the pastor was not in evidence, being away on a vacation. The church is very interesting and I believe unique as the only strictly American church in foreign cities built and furnished by American money. The dedication of the church, some years since, was a notable event. There is a free library and reading room connected with the church. The present pastor is Rev. I. F. Dickie, D. D.

In the afternoon of July 20, we visited the National Gallery. There is but one example in the collection painted by an American, Gari Melchers of Detroit.

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Saw a fine portrait by Zugel, a German. We were interested in this as we have in our gallery at home one of his paintings, "Ox and Sheep".

We were all more impressed with the portraits than anything else in the various rooms.

In the evening I gave a dinner at the Adlon to Consul General Thackara. There were present:—

A. M. Thackara

John Willard Ford

Miss Evelyn Cooper

Mrs. Harriet V. Butler

Joseph G. Butler, Jr.

The dinner was in the main dining room, the table was beautifully decorated with flowers and colored lights and all present voted the affair a success. Toasts were drunk to Americans absent and present. The autograph signatures of all present were written on the reverse side of the menu card.

Saturday, July 18 was our last day in Berlin and we made the most of it. Fraulien Volckman called at 10 a.m. and accompanied us to the Kaiser Frederick museum, which contains principally old masters of the usual assortment.

We then paid our respects to the present Emperor William's palace, the Kaiser himself being absent from the city, yachting. We paid for admission tickets and were assembled in an outer court until a sufficient number gathered to warrant a guide. We walked up a sloping, winding stairway without steps until, we reached the larger reception room. Here all the

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pilgrims were furnished with an immense pair of woolen sandals, which we were requested to pull on over our shoes. The party presented a comic appearance trudging and sliding around with these mammoth-signs for a shoe store. We saw everything in the palace except the private living rooms. The oil paintings of noted military men and of historic military events were much in evidence and were fine examples painted by famous German military painters. The decorating of the different rooms is on a magnificent scale and much of it quite artistic.

We lunched with Fraulien Volckman, or rather, she lunched with us at the Kaiser Keller.

In the evening John Willard, Mrs. Butler and Miss Cooper went to the opera and heard Tannhauser in German. I strolled in Kolb Garden and listened to the splendid military band, which was more to my understanding and liking.

During an intermission of the opera, I was attracted by some apparently fine singing from the stage of the beer garden. I hurried forward with scores of others and found it was one of the mechanical musical contrivances, discoursing airs "A la Edison". It sounded good and I was fooled with the others.

I noticed in Berlin all the houses are substantially built, there being none of wood and no tenements. There are flats and compartments for poor people and people of moderate means, but no shanties or shacks such as dot America all over. The pavements are all good, many asphalt and the majority stone, and kept

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in thorough repair. The repairs are continuous and done at night time thus the streets are always in good condition.

Sunday morning we left Berlin for London, via "Flushing Route", and we were flushed all right before we got through with the journey.

We started at 11:52 a.m. on the best train we had seen, but still not to be compared with ours. At the stations when parting, the women shake hands and the men kiss each other. The train had a dinky dining car and we fared pretty well.

The country we passed through was attractive and in many places harvesting seemed to be going on, the same as week days. However, it was a long wearisome ride. We reached Flushing (in Holland) 11 p.m. and embarked on the steamer Kaiserin Wilhelmina, a staunch craft, but no good in the storm which was on when we started and which continued all night. We had fine cabins, and all the facilities for sea-sickness. The ladies had the service of a steward and stewardess. John Willard and the subscriber played a "rubber" without assistance, in the stateroom. But all things have an end. The channel was crossed and we were still alive to tell the tale and reached Queensboro, England at 6 a.m. The disembarking from the boat and the examination of luggage was quickly done. I knew we had nothing contraband, gave the official a fee to expedite matters and it was soon over and we entered the train bound for London.



CHAPTER IV—ENGLAND

THERE was no sentiment about the planting of my foot for the first time on English soil. Everything was subordinate to the thoughts of the miserable night we had just passed.

Our arrival in London was a quiet affair. John Willard had been in London before, and knew the ropes. We found a four-wheeler, big enough to tackle our pile of luggage, which the ladies occupied, while John Willard and I got a separate conveyance. We drove to Morley's supposing we had rooms engaged there. There was some misunderstanding about it, and to save parley and time, we all drove away in quest of other quarters. One of the pleasures I had looked forward to was shattered. I wanted to put up at a typical old fashioned English hotel. Morley's had been recommended by an old and valuable friend, Mr. P. J. Benbow, former manager of the Otis Steel Company, Cleveland, Ohio, the stock of which is owned in London.

I promised Mr. Benbow I would go to this hotel. Morley's filled this bill but was not for us. We drove to the Grand quite near. John was cute enough to run ahead and tell them we were turned away from Morley's. This settled the matter and we were, after one change, given a special price on an apartment with parlor, hall, three sleeping rooms, bath and lavatory, which was our home for two weeks. The same accommodations at the Waldorf would cost \$50.00 per day. The price we paid was \$13.75 per diem, American money.

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LONDON

Our first view of London was from the top of an omnibus, a democratic way of going about, and one very much to my liking. We climbed up the first omnibus at Charing Cross, and rather singular, the first thing that attracted my attention was the Golden Cross Hotel. This is where Mr. Pickwick first landed and is where he had the controversy with the cabman. We went by the Bank of England, St. Paul's and other historic places, such as Mansion House, Chancery Lane, etc.

A visit to Parr's bank resulted in getting our first letters from home, which were eagerly read and exchanged.

We spent a good part of the day in settling down, unpacking and getting our bearings. In the evening, I went with John Willard to Hick's theatre, my first introduction to an English playhouse. The attraction was "The Waltz Dream". The best seats are called stalls and we had two good ones. Was surprised at the high price paid for good seats to London entertainment places, very much higher than in New York and in addition, one is rather forced to purchase a program from the lady usher in attendance. There was a very fashionable audience and décollete dresses were in evidence up to the full limit.

We were pleased to find a part of the Kitson family in the Grand hotel.

CHAPTER V

THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION GROUNDS

OUR first day of sight-seeing was to the Franco-British exhibition grounds. We were fortunate enough to see some of the best athletic performances. The stadium is where the people gathered to witness the contests and has a seating capacity of 80,000 and built after the manner of such places in ancient Rome. The games consisted of running matches, jumping, swimming, high diving, and many other forms of amusement.

We went through the Woman's building and saw many things of interest, more particularly the original carriage used by Florence Nightingale all through the Crimean war.

We then visited the Irish village, an enclosure of several acres, exhibiting Ireland's various industries, not over-looking the Blarney stone. We were especially interested in the McKinley cottage.

It will be in order to note that President McKinley's father was born in Ireland and the cottage we saw and went through was a reproduction in part of the original house inhabited by President McKinley's grandfather. I quote from the catalogue, the official description:—

“THE MCKINLEY COTTAGE—Turning sharply to the right after passing into the village is the McKinley cottage, famous as the home of the ancestors of the ill-fated American president. Charming in its rustic simplicity, it is a typical example of an Irish

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yoeman's dwelling. It is practically a re-erection of the original cottage, the doors, windows, rafters, stairs, and many other features having been brought direct from the ancient home of Conagher, Ballymoney, Co. Antrim. The McKinley cottage is one of the most interesting features in Ballymaclinton, and visitors may purchase picture postcards of it, as well as copies of the 'Life of President McKinley' by T. C. Meech, price 1/6."

The Irish village is being promoted under the auspices and patronage of Lady Aberdeen. Her husband, Lord Aberdeen, is Lord Lieutenant General of Ireland and the fountain head of Irish affairs.

The cottage contained some relics said to have belonged to the McKinleys, viz. a turf spade used by the grandfather and the original turf fireplace, hangers, etc. I had my doubts about the genuineness of some of these relics and spoke to Ambassador Reid regarding same. His letter is herein reproduced and is of interest in this connection.

AMERICAN EMBASSY LONDON

July 29th '08

Dear Mr. Butler:—

I have just succeeded in getting the letter from Lady Aberdeen hunted up. What she says about the McKinley cottage is as follows:—

"Probably you will be present when the King visits the Exhibition on Tuesday. If you have an opportunity of favouring the Irish Village and

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the McKinley old home in Ireland, you will be doing a great kindness. Messrs. Brown of Bonaghmore who are running the Village, are splendid people and moreover, they are to give all the profits made at the Village to the Anti-Tuberculosis Campaign here. So you see why I am interested apart from the Irish Industries, and the King's visit to the McKinley cottage, which would doubtless bring lots of visitors."

Evidently Lady Aberdeen accepted the McKinley cottage as genuine, and it seems scarcely probable that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland or his wife could have been deceived on such a subject. I hope this note may not be too late for your purpose.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) WHITELAW REID

Joseph G. Butler, Jr., Esq.

Grand Hotel,

London."

We spent the entire day on the exhibition grounds and in the evening had a call from Miss Hilda Kitson and her father, Lord Airdale, formerly Sir James Kitson. Sir James was with the British Iron and Steel Institute on its visit to America in 1890 and I happened to be on the entertainment committee. His daughter, Miss Hilda, is a very good friend of our eldest daughter, Mrs. Ford. Miss Hilda is a genuine English girl, highly educated and added much to our pleasure while at the Grand hotel. Lord Airdale was most gracious and good naturedly corrected and overlooked a blunder I made in his name.

CHAPTER VI—WESTMINSTER ABBEY

ON Wednesday, the 22nd, we visited Westminster Abbey. Any attempt to describe the place historically and otherwise would expand into volumes. I will therefore, only record what we saw, with some incidental information. We were fortunate in securing a competent guide, which is absolutely essential. Verger Vickers was our chaperon.

The original building dates back more than 1000 years. The actual construction of the Abbey as it now stands covers a period of five centuries.

In order to have a thorough understanding of Westminster Abbey, Dean Stanley's admirable work should be read. We were of course, much interested in the Poet's corner. Browning and Tennyson lie side by side and there also are buried the remains of Chaucer and Dryden. The former lived and wrote the *Canterbury Tales* in the fourteenth century. Also we noticed the resting places of Ben Jonson, the friend of Shakespeare, Edmund Spencer, author of the "*Faerie Queene*" dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, Samuel Butler, the author of "*Hubibras*", John Milton, author of "*Paradise Lost*".

There are also memorials in the Poet's corner erected to the memory of Southy, Longfellow, Burns, Goldsmith and many others. A beautiful tablet to the memory of Milton was furnished and paid for by the late George W. Childs of Philadelphia.

In the North transept are buried among many

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others, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. He was prime minister when our Declaration of Independence was declared in 1776, Henry Gratton, the early defender of Irish Rights, Lord Palmerston, William Murray, Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir Robert Peel, Disraeli, the Earl of Beaconsfield, Gladstone who opposed the North during the Civil War. Beside the graves of Palmerston and Gladstone their wives are buried.

In the west aisle lies the body of Warren Hastings and memorials are erected in the same aisle to many others. I am only recording the names of those famous in history and thoroughly known as such.

In the belfry tower are the remains of Charles James Fox, the friend of America during our struggle for liberty. There is also buried here Major General Gordon, better known as Chinese Gordon.

In the west end, William Pitt, the younger, is buried. He was the son of the Great Pitt, and was himself prime minister nearly fifty years. In the west end is also the remains of Major John Andre.

NORTH AISLE

In this aisle, side by side, lie the remains of Sir John Frederick Herschel, the great astronomer and Darwin, the great scientist and author of "The Origin of Species".

George Peabody, the famous philanthropist, was for a time buried in Westminster Abbey, but his remains were removed to America in 1869. Livingstone, the great Africa explorer and Robert Stephenson, the renowned engineer, are close together.

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Sir Isaac Newton, the great scientist, who discovered the law of gravitation, is among the number of distinguished dead.

There is also near the Poet's corner, what might be termed "A Musicians' Corner", for here are buried Handel, the great composer of "The Messiah", Michael Balfe, the Irish composer and a fine bust of Jenny Lind.

Also in this section are buried David Garrick, the great actor, Sheridan, the great dramatist, author of "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal". Both of these plays have survived more than a hundred years and are still popular.

Charles Dickens, author of Pickwick Papers, lies near Sir Henry Irving.

Thomas Parr, the oldest since Methuselah is buried here. He lived to be 152 years old, the fact being well authenticated. He was the father of children born after he was 100 years old. He lived through the reign of ten sovereigns.

THE SOUTH AMBULATORY

The Chapel of Edmund contains the remains of many noted people from 1200 down to three and four hundred years later. The Chapel of St. Nicholas contains the remains of many famous for their connection with the ancestry of English sovereigns, such as the Duchess of Northumberland, Countess of Oxford, Duchess of Somerset, Sir George Villiers and Mary Beaumont, parents of the Duke of Buckingham.

CHAPEL OF HENRY VII

This portion of the Abbey contains the remains

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of many of England and Scotland's kings and queens.

Countess of Lennox

Mary, Queen of Scots

Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia

Margaret Beauford

Charles II

Queen Mary

Queen Anne

Henry VII

James I

Cromwell

Queen Elizabeth.

Other chapels contain the remains of General James Wolfe, the hero of Quebec.

James Watt, engineer

Admiral Saunders of Quebec fame

Sir Humphry Davy, inventor of safety lamp

Mrs. Siddons, the great actress

Thomas Betterton, a celebrated tragedian,
eighteenth century

John Broughton, a noted pugilist

General John Burgoyne, commander of the
British forces in America, surrendered
to General Gates of Saratoga.

Saint Edward's chapel is the chapel of the kings.

Here are buried:

Edward the Confessor, who reigned from
1042 to 1065

Queen Editha, wife of Edward the Confessor

Good Queen Maude, died 1118

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Edward I, born 1239, died 1307

Henry III, born 1206, died 1272

Elizabeth Tudor, died 1495, daughter of
Henry VII

Eleanor of Castile, died 1290, first wife of
Edward I

Henry V born 1388, died 1422, the hero of
Agincourt

Katherine of Valois, Queen of Henry V

Phillipa, wife of Edward III died 1369

Edward III, born 1312, died 1377

Richard II, born 1366, died 1394.

We saw the wax effigies not usually shown to visitors.

Last, but not least—we saw the Coronation chair used from the thirteenth century until the present time. The chair is of wood but in the center is a stone fixed with clamps, said to date back 700 years B. C.

Our visit to the Abbey was most interesting and without doubt, the place of the greatest importance in the history of the British empire. More kings and queens are crowned here. For centuries, the monarchs of England and Scotland have been buried here.

CHAPTER VII

BRITISH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

THE afternoon of Wednesday, July 22, we were invited by Lord Airdale to visit the Parliament Houses. At 4 p.m. accompanied by Miss Kitson, we made our way to the House of Lords. The magic name of "Airdale" spoken by Miss Kitson, got us past the first helmeted obstruction. Lord Airdale met us and procured an order for our entrance to the House. The ladies got clear in. John Willard and I were admitted to a sort of outer room, but still inside the House proper, but not clear in. At the suggestion of Lord Airdale, we mounted a convenient bench and were permitted to remain a few moments, but were finally ordered off by an officious officer of some kind.

However, we had a very good view of the proceedings. The Lord Chief Justice was there presiding and sat in the wool sack. He had on a tremendous head covering such as we see in pictures and cartoons and looked as if he dated back several centuries, and I am sure he was asleep just like Justice Starleigh in *Pickwick*—"When Sergeant Buzfuz sat down, Justice Starleigh woke up". The Lord Chief Justice was apparently all attention when Lord Russell began to speak. It was a long tirade about amending the laws to make divorce easier in England. I was informed subsequently that the Noble Lord was in trouble himself about an American alliance. The lords, as everybody is supposed to know, wear their silk hats when in session. There were not many in sight, and the proceedings were rather dull.

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Lord Airdale procured tickets of admission for the ladies to the House of Commons, which was in session. No male person can be admitted while the House is deliberating, but the ladies went and reported the place much lovelier than the House of Lords.

We were at this junction, introduced to Lord Glen Tarvee, a newly created Welsh lord. I had met him in America in 1890, as he was one of the British Iron and Steel Institute party. The recognition was mutual. His name, when I met him, was Jenkin Jones, and I called him Mr. Jones and was corrected again good naturedly by Lord Airdale. The Welsh lord invited us all to tea on the terrace overlooking the Thames at 5 p.m. We elbowed our way through the part of the terrace occupied by the members of the House of Commons, and it was quite an animated scene. I am sure Miss Cooper was taken for an American heiress looking for a titled impecunious peer. The lords have a place separate and apart on the terrace, which we reached soon and a little ahead of time. Soon the tea party approached. There was Lord Glen Tarvee and Lady Glen Tarvee, a very handsome daughter about seventeen years old, placed next to me at the table, whereat, John Willard kicked continuously as he was placed next to a sunburned redhaired, freckled faced young lady whose name I have forgotten. Then Lady Kearlie, Lord Airdale, titled lady, Miss Kitson, Mrs. Butler and Miss Cooper completed the party. Miss Kitson did the pouring of tea, somewhat to my surprise.

I felt ill at ease and we were all glad when the

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function was ended. However, we had taken tea with several titled persons in front of "The Historic House of Lords", so let it be recorded.

On our way back to the hotel, we passed the Duke of York's school out on parade. This is a large military school, the boys being soldier orphans, dressed in handsome uniforms and looked fine. The school is endowed and supported by the Duke of York, and is one of the many noble charities in London.

CHAPTER VIII—THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

THURSDAY morning I paid my respects to Whitelaw Reid, the American ambassador. He was quite cordial and the visit lasted for some time.

We visited the Church of Saint Bartholemew the Great, Miss Kitson accompanying us. We found it a place of very great interest. We were chaperoned by the rector, which I did not discover until we were ready to leave, and I handed him a fee.

We were shown the font where Hogarth was baptized and the official record of same.

Upon our return to the hotel, we found an engraved invitation from Ambassador Reid, to attend a reception to be given by Ambassador and Mrs. Reid to the American athletes. A copy of the invitation is herein reproduced.

TO THE AMERICAN ATHLETES AT THE
OLYMPIC GAMES
THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR
AND MRS. WHITLAW REID

Request the pleasure of your company
at Dorchester House

On Thursday July 23rd from 4 to 7 p.m.

John Willard was invited but went to tea with Miss Kitson on a previous invitation. Mrs. Butler, Miss Cooper and I went in a plain everyday taxicab at 4 p.m. Our cards were handed in and we were directed to go upstairs. The Ambassador was at the head of the

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landing and welcomed us in true American style. He walked with us to the Grand Reception Room and introduced us to Mrs. Reid. She was cordial, but so busy greeting dukes and duchesses and bishops, that we were soon side-tracked. But Mr. Reid came around again, brought the Secretary of the Legation, Mr. Carter, and introduced us to some Americans, and in fact, for so busy a host, Mr. Reid did himself quite proud. We waited until nearly 7 p.m. and as the Athletes did not appear, we took our leave, glad it was all over. We learned afterwards that the row among the Athletes at the Franco Exhibition grounds had something to do with the delay. However, it was very discourteous to the Ambassador on the part of the Athletes, as the reception was given for their particular benefit and to show American appreciation.

Dorchester house is a historic place, filled with fine old masters, owned by Earl Grey of Canada, whose income is insufficient to keep up the place. The American ambassador leased and occupies it, and is making a name for himself as well as American hospitality.

A call from Sir Hugh Bell and an invitation to Rounton Grange, which we were obliged to decline, ended the day.

CHAPTER IX—THE TOWER OF LONDON

MY conception of the Tower of London was somewhat changed and modified after seeing it. I had the impression that it was exclusively a chamber of horrors, filled with instruments of torture but while we found considerable evidence of blood thirstiness and ferocity on the part of former rulers of England, we also found other things more pleasing.

I had previously written, by advice of a friend, to the Governor of the Tower, asking for a fixed time. I received a personal reply at the hotel, naming Friday, July 24 at 10 a.m. We were on hand promptly and assigned a special guide and I am sure were shown some things not usually exhibited.

The Tower was built in the twelfth or thirteenth century supposedly by the Romans and at first used as a treasury and mint.

It has principally in later years been used as a Royal residence and State prison. Stephen is the first monarch mentioned as residing in the Tower. King John kept court there and Henry I made the Tower his chief residence.

In 1278 not less than 600 Jews were imprisoned in the Tower for clipping and adulterating coin.

In 1330 the famous Mortimer was imprisoned in the Tower and subsequently hung there. In 1509 Henry VIII, brought his wife, Catherine of Arragon to the Tower, after her coronation and in 1530 he brought a still younger bride to the Tower.

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During the reign of Mary, the Tower was the scene of the imprisonment and death of the innocent Lady Jane Grey who was executed on the Tower Green in 1554. The execution of the Lady Jane was one of the most heartless and inhuman events in the annals of England, not excepting the beheading of Mary Queen of Scots. We were then shown the exact spot where Lady Jane was executed.

We were also shown the cell where Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned by Queen Elizabeth like any common criminal, for a period of six months, his only offence having married without her approval.

We were then taken down into the dungeon, a fearful place and it is a wonder that anyone incarcerated ever came out alive. More than 500 prisoners were confined at one time in a space no larger than thirty feet square.

We saw the old Roman well, more than 1000 years old, still furnishing water. We saw also instruments of torture used to extort confessions. Prisoners were frequently torn limb from limb by these stretchers.

The more pleasant objects shown us were the actual crown jewels of England, aggregating millions of dollars in value. The crown used by the present King Edward is a magnificent affair. We saw the room where the two innocent children of royal blood were cruelly murdered, their only crime being possible heirs to the throne, another black page in the history of England. The rooms containing ancient armor and other relics were quite interesting. The crown worn

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by Queen Victoria at her coronation contains nearly 3000 diamonds.

Among the political executions, in the place set apart in the Tower grounds were:

Anne Boleyn

Margaret, Countess of Salisbury

Queen Catherine Howard

Viscountess Rochford

and Lady Jane Grey, heretofore mentioned.

All these and many others were interred in the burying ground at the Chapel of St. Peter, which is a part of the Tower enclosure.

The Tower has a regular garrison of modernly dressed British soldiers, but after entering the fortress, for such it is, the guards and guides are dressed as in the Tudor reign, Yeoman of the Guard, or in modern terms, "Beef Eaters". The quaint dress of these guardsmen adds to the interest of visiting the Tower. Gilbert and Sullivan's opera "Ruddygore" has a full representation of the Yeoman of the Guard, all through the opera.

Saturday morning, John Willard left us for a week-end visit with friends in the country, so we again went to the Franco-British exhibition and once more saw the Irish village.

We were shown an autograph book, started since the opening of the village, containing noted autographs. The King and Queen and many other celebrities, royal and otherwise. We also visited the Canadian section and were much interested in a pond containing live beavers, at work gnawing trees.

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We were told that the King and Queen would be at the Stadium in the afternoon, so we lined up in front of the Royal Entrance and after being shoved back a couple of times and mounting chairs, we were rewarded for our patience in waiting. Soon after 4 o'clock a royal automobile came up and quickly unloaded the King and Queen. Our sight of the royal pair was a glimpse only. Mrs. Butler said that she saw the Queen's back hair, and Miss Cooper related having a fair view of the Queen's profile. For myself, I make no claim except having seen the automobile and seeing some people pile out of it on the opposite side.

CHAPTER X—RICHMOND HILL AND OTHER PLACES OF INTEREST

IN the evening we engaged a taxicab and went to a recommended place for dinner. A ride to Richmond Hill of nine miles, part of it through a beautiful park and forest. We saw a large herd of deer, about 300, running wild, or rather tame, as the animals paid no more attention to us than if they had been so many sheep. We passed through Epping Forest, a part of Robin Hood's ancient roving ground. We finally pulled up at the "Star and Garter" overlooking the Thames, a beautiful spot and said to command a view of seven counties. I told the party who gave me this information that I had been in a spot in Tennessee (Lookout mountain) where, on a clear day, seven states could be seen—the temptation to boast a little was too great to be overcome.

The hotel seemed to be in a run-down condition and we had a very indifferent dinner. The head waiter had marked us for a fee and apparently did not want any of the under waiters to help us. The ride and view made up for all other deficiencies.

On Sunday, July 26, we attended services at the Abbey. Our seat was near the grave and statue of Gladstone. The Bishop of Missouri conducted the services.

In the afternoon, we went with Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Flynn to Windsor castle and on account of its being Sunday, we were unable to get into the castle proper. We visited the grounds and attended services in St.

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George's chapel. On our way home we passed Houndslow Heath, made famous by Dick Turpin, went over Twickenham ferry familiarized to us by Mrs. Paul Wick's rendering of the song. We saw in the distance Eton college and the William Penn manor, and Stoke Poges.

Prince Teck is domiciled in Windsor castle and his regiment is quartered on the premises. We heard the famous Cameron Band of Scotch Highlanders. We were told also that it is impossible to keep the ranks of the 79th Highlanders, Prince Teck's Regiment, filled with Scotchmen, about one-half are Irish.

Monday morning, July 27, we rode on a bank omnibus to the end of the line and return. Visited Covert Garden market.

In the afternoon we visited the National gallery. The collection was not up to our expectations, many of the important paintings have been removed to the Tate gallery. The collection of Turner's is the largest of his work. We saw one small water-color drawing, closely resembling our little example at home—"Oxborough Castle".

In the evening with John Willard, I went to the Empire Music Hall. We had two stalls in the pit among the swells. Genee the famous dancer, was the principal attraction. It is a large place and has a cafe in connection, which we did not visit. It is the custom to promenade at intervals, and I was told that one portion of the house is reserved for ladies only, who are admitted without escort, for one shilling each. No

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seats are provided, and the ladies (?) are expected to secure custom for the cafe and incidentally for themselves.

On Tuesday morning we visited the Inns of Court. The grave of Oliver Goldsmith is in the yard. There is no monument, but covering the grave is a half oval slab, with this inscription thereon:

“Here lies Goldsmith

Born Nov. 10th, 1728

Died Apr. 10th, 1774”

This is all that marks the last resting place of one of the sweetest of characters, the purest of men, an honor to his sex. The author of “The Deserted Village”, “The Vicar of Wakefield”, “She Stoops to Conquer”, and other well-known classics.

CHAPTER XI—THE TEMPLE CHURCH

THIS church is the place where the Knight Templars were organized, and is a part of the Inns of Court. It was constructed on the model of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem and was consecrated in 1185. It is the oldest church in London. The Order of Knight Templars was founded by ten French Crusaders. The Knights registered three vows, of Poverty, Charity and Obedience and the order was established to protect Christian pilgrims on their way to the Holy Land.

The church contains the effigies of many of the Crusaders underneath which the remains are buried. An effigy with the legs crossed below the knee shows that the Knight made one Crusade, crossed above the knee shows that he made two or more crusades. We were shown and permitted to handle the original key to the door of the temple. It weighs sixteen pounds, is of brass and in good condition, although nearly one thousand years old.

In the yard of the church is the pump, still in use, where Tom Pinch quenched his thirst and met his future wife.

The Middle temple has in it in perfect condition, the platform where Shakespeare and his company of players performed for the first time and before Queen Elizabeth, "The Twelfth Night". It has also the gallery presented by Queen Elizabeth, and still in use. The middle Temple also contains portraits of Van Dyck of Charles I, Elizabeth and Queen Anne.

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There is also an oak table made from oak timber taken from vessels of the Armada and presented by Sir Francis Drake.

Coke and Littleton, two famous lawyers, are buried in the Inner temple. The Law library contains valuable and ancient charters and manuscripts. We were cautioned not to speak above a whisper while in the library. The Temple gardens, adjoining, are used for public purposes at times. The temples are occupied as law offices. I visited a lawyer friend who had his office directly overlooking the grave of Goldsmith. Charles Lamb, the noted essayist and humorist, was born in the Inner temple.

On Wednesday, July 29, we visited the Tate gallery. The pictures which impressed us most are:

“Sympathy” by Briton Riviere

“The Horse Fair” by Rosa Bonheur

“The Vale of Rest” by Sir John Millais

“The Doctor” by Luke Fildes

“Napoleon being taken to Elba” by
Ochardson

“Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth” by the
American artist Sargent.

In the afternoon we visited the Hungarian Exhibition Earle Court, an advertisement of Hungarian resources.

CHAPTER XII—ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

ON Tuesday, July 30 we visited St. Paul's. The origin of this place is supposed to be Roman, but the earliest authentic information is of the church founded by King Ethelbert in 610. This church was destroyed by fire in 961 and again in 1087. The church was built and rebuilt and was totally destroyed in the great fire of 1666. The present cathedral is from the design of Christopher Wren, completed in 1710. One of the largest bells in existence is in the sanctum, weighs sixteen tons and can be heard all over London.

We visited the Whispering gallery, so called from its absolutely flawless acoustic properties, the library clock and ball. The ladies gave out at the Whispering gallery, but I climbed up 270 additional steps to the Golden gallery, where I had a splendid view of all London. My legs ached for a full week after the ascent but it was worth the energy expended.

In the crypt, we saw what might be termed the "Painter's Corner" in contradistinction to the Poet's corner in Westminster Abbey, for here are buried almost in a group Lord Leighton, Sir John Millais, Turner, Reynolds, Landseer, Cruikshank and Lawrence. Quite near repose the remains of Christopher Wren, the architect of the church, his only monument.

Here also are buried, the great Duke of Wellington, and nearby is his magnificent funeral car, made from cannon recast, won by him in his many victories.

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In the nave lie also the remains of Lord Nelson, Gibbons, the historian, Bishop Newton, Dean Milman, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Lord Lytton, both Napiers, the warrior and the historian, and Charles Reade.

CHAPTER XIII—THE WALLACE COLLECTION —CHARLES DICKENS

IN the afternoon, we visited the Wallace collection. This is conceded to be the best collection of pictures in London. There are a large number of Meissoniers, Van Dykes, Rubens, Reynolds, Lawrence, Murillo, Rembrandt and Gainsborough.

There are also examples of Romney, Corot, Hobbema, Vernet, DeCamp, Gerome, Rosa Bonheur, Landseer, Watteau, Verboeckhoven and Boucher.

On Friday, July 31, John Willard left Waterloo station for Southampton, enroute home on the Hamburg ship *Bluecher*, sailing the same date. We were all sorry to have him leave us. His knowledge of the German language and his familiarity with London added to his personality, made his stay with us profitable as well as agreeable.

We visited the second exhibition of Dickens relics, etc., at the New Dudley Gallery, 169 Piccadilly. Having for a period of forty years been a reader and admirer of Dickens, the exhibit was of unusual interest to me.

Among the items of interest may be mentioned:

Old portrait of Dickens by an unknown artist, painted 1840

The original water-color drawing "The Empty Chair"

Gads Hill Place, June 9, 1870 showing the library as it looked

The original Dolly Varden portrait.

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A number of original drawings illustrating:

“The Cricket on the Hearth”, “Martin Chuzzlewit”, “Pickwick Papers”, etc.

Original drawings of the Dickens Country
Also Dickens relics.

Twenty tall antique champagne glasses, purchased by Foote, the eminent actor, at the Gads Hall sale, and purchased again by W. T. Spencer at the sale of Foote's effects at Robinson & Fisher's rooms, Nov. 15, 1906. Two of the glasses are engraved with Dickens initials “C. D.” probably by himself with his diamond ring.

The original sign of “The Little Wooden Midshipman.” Dombey and Son. The lenders of this valuable relic were formerly in Leaderhall Street, as stated in the story.

A Dickens Loving Cup

Pickwick Mug

Piece of oak from “The Old Curiosity Shop”

Playbills, autograph letters and original first edition of Dickens' writings.

I purchased from the exhibit, the twenty champagne glasses guaranteed.

Also twenty-four original water color drawings of the leading Dickens characters in his various writings.

We met, at the exhibit, a charming young lady, partly in charge with Miss Jennie Williams.

On Saturday, August 1, we again visited, and for the third time, the Franco-British exhibition. Our attention was devoted entirely to the Fine Arts Palace.

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This palace is divided into two sections, one filled with British art and the other with French art. It is a remarkable collection. We noted a number of paintings exhibited in the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893. The collection is devoted exclusively to modern French and British examples of painting and sculpture.

Herkimer's "Last Muster"

Lady Butler's "Roll Call"

are included in the collection.

Sunday, August 2, we went to Kew gardens by motor bus. The conservatory was closed. We visited the museum. We observed in the museum a portrait by Sargent, of the Harvard college professor of Botany.

CHAPTER XIV—LEICESTER

WE left London from St. Pancras station for Leicester at 6:30 p.m., a distance of about a hundred miles. We made a quick run. There are few grade crossings in England, and many bridges are built entirely of brick. Regular traffic on the road was suspended on account of bank holiday, a sort of English Fourth of July. The banks all over England close Monday, the beginning of the week and open the remainder of the week. Theoretically, workers are supposed to suspend work for one week. We noticed all kinds of evidence of the bank holiday during the week following. We reached Leicester at 8:30 p.m. and quartered at the Grand hotel.

Two of Miss Cooper's aunts called, both bright, educated women. Incidentally I will mention that without exception, all of Miss Cooper's relatives and friends whom we met later, proved companionable, educated people, many of them persons of considerable means and all cultured.

Monday, August 3, our headquarters and home for one full week was the ancient town of Leicester, and a few words regarding the town will not be inappropriate.

It is claimed that the records are quite authentic that the place was a Roman Camp A. D. 50. Strong walls and stone fences were built and walls still exist, so that there undoubtedly was a real Roman Leicester. The floor of a whole Roman villa with a terrace 120 feet

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long was unearthed in a cherry tree orchard in 1851 and the mosaics are now in the local museum.

A. D. 120 the Roman Emperor Hadrian visited his domains and the fact of his royal tour is preserved by a unique relic of Roman days in Britain. A milestone was found in 1717 with a laudatory inscription to the Emperor upon it, and the information "From Ratae two miles". Ratae was the Roman name of the town of Leicester. This is the oldest milestone in existence and is preserved in the Leicester museum. The Romans withdrew A.D. 450 and the town was left to the care of itself. A little rude church was built in 679 on the foundation and site of the existing St. Margaret's church. There were wars and rumors of wars. William the Conqueror captured the town in 1068. Domesday Book has an exact account of the place at this date.

Leicester castle was built by the governor and its ruins are still in evidence as a part of the buildings used by the present city government.

The history of the place is too long to record here, and what is said is very much condensed. John of Gaunt occupied Leicester castle for many years. In the fifteenth century Parliament assembled three consecutive times in Leicester, the last meeting being in 1450. King Richard III visited the town twice. The second visit was on his way to the famous Bosworth field where he met his death. His corpse was brought to Leicester and buried in the church of Grey Friar's Monastery in 1485. In the reign of Henry VIII the monastery was suppressed. Richard's bones were

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seized by the mob and thrown over Bow bridge into the river. We saw the tablet recording this fact. Cardinal Wolsey, when his power had waned, and in his extreme age, came to Leicester to spend his remaining days in the monastery. He died in Leicester and is buried in the burial ground of the suppressed monastery.

In 1645 the Royalist army laid siege to Leicester and captured it. John Bunyan was a soldier and one of the besiegers. He returned to the town in later years and preached many times. Later Cromwell captured the place. Many noted people are visitors, and bills are shown for their entertainment, among others the Duchess of York, afterward Queen of England, King William III. John Wesley preached here and converted thousands.

In 1842 Queen Victoria and her consort, Prince Albert, made a royal tour through the midland countries and Leicester was included in the tour.

The present Leicester is a city of over 200,000 population. The business is chiefly manufacturing hosiery, boots, shoes, etc.

Cook's tours originated in Leicester. The founder, Thomas Cook, spent most of his time in Leicester. A panel in the office of Thomas Cook & Son bears this inscription:

"Erected A.D. 1894 by John Mason Cook to commemorate the origin of the excursion system of the world by Thomas Cook's special train from Leicester to Loughborough, July 15, 1841. The train carried 670 passengers."

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The city has a fine Art Gallery, Museum Park. We were shown the Jewry wall, the remains of an old Roman wall of great archaeological interest.

CHAPTER XV—MOTORING ABROAD— LUTTERWORTH

BEFORE leaving for America we decided that part of our time would be spent in motoring, as it is called in England. This decision was carried out, and we were thus enabled to visit out-of-the-way historic places, to see things and utilize our time to the best advantage without rushing. It is, of course, much more expensive than going by railroad, but the advantages in favor of the automobile are very great. We were able to see the common people away from the lines of railroads, to travel through the byways and hedges, and to "rub clothes" using a homely expression with the yoemanry, the workers and other classes not usually seen and reached by the tourist. Besides, the roads everywhere in England are good and a revelation to Americans. The country roads are better, and cleaner kept, than the paved streets of Youngstown. The fresh and invigorating air is also of great benefit.

Early Monday morning we arranged with Captain Byron at Leicester for the daily use of a motor. We found him a very agreeable gentleman to deal with, standing high in the community. He is a nephew of Lord Byron.

Our first trip was to Ashby de la Zouch to meet Miss Cooper's friends and relatives. Our first call was upon Rev. Charles Pratt, a retired clergyman, 90 years old and his estimable third wife, Mrs. Ellen Pratt or "Aunt Ellen", as we learned to call her. We were

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invited to luncheon and were most hospitably entertained. The Rev. Pratt served a course dinner with perfect ease, dispensing hospitality in the most graceful manner. The wines were old and choice and the noon-day repast, our first in England in a private English home, was most delightful.

We were shown an autograph letter, written entirely in the hand of George III to an ancestor of Rev. Pratt. A copy of the letter kindly furnished me by Mr. Pratt, appears below:

"Kew, Nov. 1, 1801

The King desires the Earl of Chesterfield will come here tomorrow and bring Lord Walsingham with him. They will be desired to stay the evening, consequently care will be taken that they shall not be worse lodged than at an Inn, though not so well as at Windsor.

(Signed)

GEORGE III"

August 4, 1908.

This is a copy of an autograph letter in my possession. It came to me from my grandmother (Mrs. Smelt) who was a sister of the Earl of Chesterfield.

(Signed) Charles Pratt.

Our reception at "The Elms" the name of the Pratt residence, will long be remembered. It is worthy of note that all the private homes in England have a special name. This seems a good custom and makes the proper delivery of mail a certainty, aside from the sentimental idea of living in a home with a distinctive name.

We next visited Huntington house, the home of

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Mr. John German, a prominent citizen and uncle of Miss Cooper. Mr. German was not at home but we met other members of the family.

Ashly-de-la-Zouch is historic, but as we did not visit any of the places I will make no record.

We went to Packington. The parish church there dates back to 1585. We met at Normanton, Phoebe Bradock, Miss Cooper's nurse when a child, and her husband Joe. Both are over 80 years old and both shed tears at the meeting and parting. This fine old couple completing their life's journey together, brought at once to my mind Darby and Joan. It was one of the pathetic incidents of our trip.

We returned to Leicester through Charnwood forest and Bradgate park, finishing up a very pleasant day's motoring.

Tuesday, August 4, we went to Lutterworth, a place of very great historical interest. We spent some time in the Lutterworth church, of historic interest. The association of this church with the name of Wycliffe the first and greatest of English reformers has given the place world-wide celebrity. John Wycliffe was one of the greatest men of his time. He was born in 1324 and was pastor of the church 1374 to 1384. The impress he made during that period will never be effaced. It was here where he sent out simple evangelists to preach the gospel and it was here where he translated the Holy Scripture into the English language. Pope Gregory XI issued bull after bull against him, but the more bulls issued, the greater Wycliffe's power.

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He died within the wall of his own parish. He was a graduate of Oxford and was active in his opposition to the power of the Catholic church before he became pastor of the Lutterworth congregation.

Lutterworth church is the identical one in which Wycliffe prayed and preached and dates back to the thirteenth century. The original pulpit and communion table as well as his oak chair are still in the church. I ascended the pulpit, with pardonable pride, and would have sat in the chair had I been permitted to do so.

The church contains many monuments, brasses and other objects of interest. Two volumes of Wycliffe's bible are kept in a glass case and in the same case is a fine old Black Letter Copy of "Fox's Book of Martyrs" with part of chain attached, kept chained in the church for the perusal of the congregation.

Lutterworth village contains many objects of interest which we did not visit but hope to at some future time.

CHAPTER XVI—STRATFORD ON AVON

ONE of the first complete sets of books purchased for my library is an edition of Shakespeare, the ownership dating back forty years, or longer. While not a Shakespearean scholar, I have read Shakespeare a good deal and in addition have seen some of his plays by good actors, covering the same period as the ownership of the writings.

I think the actor who impressed me most was Barry Sullivan, an Englishman. The play was Richard III, and I remember going to Cleveland from Youngstown to witness the performance. It seemed wonderful to me at the time and the impression is still vivid. I have seen Booth in Macbeth, Othello and Hamlet, and I witnessed in New York an "all star" performance of The Merchant of Venice—Booth as Shylock and the other leading parts acted by Lawrence Barrett and John McCullough. I have also seen the great Forrest in Othello and many other lesser lights. Therefore, I was eager and impatient to see the place where the immortal bard was born and where he is buried.

Upon our arrival at Stratford-on-Avon, the same day we were at Lutterworth, we went direct to the "Shakespeare Hotel and Ye Five Gables" for luncheon. We were shown through the hotel which antedates Shakespearean time and shown the room Shakespeare occupied. The hotel is an irregular, rambling place, kept in good repair. Dickens' description of "The Golden Cross" in London, would fit the Shakespeare.

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After luncheon, we went first to the birth-place in Henly Street, which was purchased by public subscription in 1847 as a National Memorial of Shakespeare.

We were shown the identical room where he first saw the light, April 23, 1564—an upper room quite good sized and well preserved. When we reached the museum on the ground floor we saw many interesting things, all well authenticated, viz.:

Original documents attesting the purchase by the Poet of land and other property near the town, documents which attest the signatures of Shakespeare's father and mother and her daughter Judith.

Autograph signatures of Shakespeare's brother Gilbert, of his eldest daughter Mrs. Susanna Hall, of his son-in-law John Hall and of Sir Thomas Lucy, the original of Justice Shallow.

The probate copy of the will of Shakespeare's granddaughter the last surviving descendant, Elizabeth, Lady Bernard, who died in 1670. Sir John Bernard was her second husband.

Original quarto edition of *The Merchant of Venice*, 1600 during Shakespeare's life time.

Chapter of endowment establishing, 1482, grammar school where Shakespeare was educated.

The desk used by Shakespeare in the grammar school.

Shakespeare's signet ring and other objects of interest.

In the upper room were shown:

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Portraits of Shakespeare and his daughter Elizabeth.

Autograph letter of David Garrick.

We then drove to the hamlet of Shottery and visited the Anne Hathaway cottage, acquired by the English government through an act of Parliament in 1892. No one speaks of Anne Hathaway as Mrs. Shakespeare, but this fact is beyond dispute. The cottage is vine covered, thatched roof and in fine condition. There was something of a crowd and I sat for some time, without knowing it on the bench, in front of the old-fashioned fireplace where Shakespeare did his courting. This is a presumption, but as there is but one seat and just room for two, the presumption is fair. The cottage was the property of the Hathaway family and so remained undisputed until 1838. The house contains some furniture of the Elizabethan period, but not well authenticated.

However, it is undisputed that this is where Anne Hathaway lived and where Shakespeare courted her.

There is an old-fashioned bake oven back in the wall and other evidences of good living and comfort.

We then visited and spent considerable time in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon. The church is on the site of an earlier building than the one now in existence, which dates back only to the nineteenth century. The location is on the banks of the historic Avon river. The churchyard is filled and now closed for burials. The door of the church has on it a sanctuary knocker, with ring attached, quite common in all the old buildings of

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England. The interior of the church is the last resting place of residents of Stratford and contemporary with Shakespearean times.

We saw the font where Shakespeare was baptized, April 26, 1564. In the nave we were shown the old parish register, in which are the entries of William Shakespeare's baptism and burial. Plainly written in a bold round hand the baptism entry is as follows:

“April 26, Gulielmus, Filius Johannes
Shakespeare,
And of the burial in 1616—
April 25.”

The letter “E” is omitted in the register.

The church is filled with beautiful memorial windows, too many for description. The American chapel was, of course, of particular interest to us. It contains an American window unveiled and dedicated 1896. The inscription on this beautiful window runs:

“A. M. D. G., the gift of America to
Shakespeare church.”

The chancel of the church excites the greatest interest. Here is where the mortal remains of Shakespeare lie.

The stone which is over the Poet's wife bears this inscription:

“Heare lyeth interred the body of Anne, wife of William Shakespeare, who departed this life the 6th day of August, 1623, being the age of 67 years.” The next is the stone which according to unbroken tradition, covers the Poet's remains.

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The lines upon it are well known:

“Good friend for Jesus Sake forbear,

“To digg the dust enclosed heare,

“Blest be ye man who spares these stones

“And cursed be he who moves my bones.”

Too much space would be required to describe all of interest in the church and churchyard.

On the river bank, we were shown the stone upon which Longfellow sat when he wrote the inspired poem which begins:

“Flow on Sweet River”

We left the church, filled with additional reverence for the great poet and humanizer of men.

We also saw the Harvard house, where the founder of Harvard college, John Harvard was born.

On Wednesday, August 5, we went with Miss Cooper to visit her friends in Enbury. Visited a granite quarry, much interested in the Blondin conveyor. The granite is used for paving, building and concrete.

CHAPTER XVII—COVENTRY—KENILWORTH —WARWICK

ON Thursday, August 6, we started bright and early for Coventry, a historic spot made famous by the ride of Lady Godiva through the streets in the early morning. Her attire, if tradition be true, was extremely simple. The beautiful story is well known and no less a personage than Tennyson made it his theme for an extended poem. It has been sung and talked about for centuries until it has been divested of whatever pruriency it might have had in the commencement.

Leofric, husband of Lady Godiva, oppressed the people with unjust taxes. These became burthensome and unbearable. Godiva's tears moved the Earl to propose, in a bantering way, that if she would ride through the streets in the costume, or rather lack of costume, provided by nature, he would remove the taxes and relieve the oppressed people of the burthen. She accepted the proposal, her long streaming hair assisting in the decision and the Earl gave orders that all window blinds should be closed during the performance of the covenant. The order was carried out with the exception that Peeping Tom could not refrain from a passing glance. The look cost him his eyesight, as he immediately became stone blind. The Earl carried out his part of the bargain. The event is celebrated yearly and is the origin of the term of "The Freedom of the City".

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The event occurred in the eleventh century. Leofric died in 1057 and was buried with the Countess Godiva in the porch of the monastery they had founded. We rode through the identical street through which Countess Godiva rode and were shown her residence, and the house occupied by Peeping Tom at the time.

It is proper to add that the story of Lady Godiva is well authenticated by the old historians. The Peeping Tom portion is not so well borne out.

There is a good deal of historic interest in Coventry which we overlooked, and hope some time in the future to see.

We spent considerable time in St. Michael's church and were well rewarded. The original church was of Norman architecture, and is supposed to have been founded in the twelfth century by King Henry I. The church, as many others, has been built and added onto and was completed about 1375. The steeple is graceful and a masterpiece in gothic building. In a sense the steeple is higher than Salisbury, as it stands from the ground. The steeple in Salisbury springs from the body of the cathedral. It is wondrously beautiful and is substantially 300 feet high. The church itself is likewise beautiful and a triumph of architecture. No description does it justice.

St. Mary's hall, Lady chapel and Miserere stalls were completed in the fourteenth century and contain many objects of interest. We saw the ancient marble statue of Lady Godiva on horseback, nearly 700 years old.

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Mary, Queen of Scots, was at one time imprisoned in the crypt, by order of Queen Elizabeth. In the Lady's chapel, we saw a fine oil portrait of George III.

Coventry is a quaint old town and has been visited by kings and queens from Richard II down to Queen Elizabeth, King William III and Queen Victoria. In the market place is a fine bronze statue of the Countess Godiva on horseback.

KENILWORTH CASTLE

This old castle, now in ruins, is of exceptional historic interest, made largely, or at least sentimentally so, by Sir Walter Scott in his novel "Kenilworth".

We visited the place and viewed what is left of the once famous pile, which is not much but picturesque.

An old Roman castle formerly stood on the site now occupied by the ruins and parts are traceable.

In 800 A. D., it was rebuilt in part and the building continued until centuries later.

The castle has the remains of an immense moat and was fought over, captured and recaptured many times by besiegers and partisans.

Parliament was held in the castle in 1265. In 1392 John of Gaunt built the Strong tower, the Banqueting hall, Grand tower and Privy chambers.

The castle was used for the imprisonment of state prisoners. Queen Elizabeth visited the castle in 1566 and had great festivities. She came again in 1572 and in 1575. At this time the story goes Amy Robsart, Scott's heroine in Kenilworth, was forcibly abducted.

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The history of the castle abounds in stories of cruelty and poisonings, and sieges without end, and is a part of English regarding the castle made by T. Oakley in 1886.

We saw a remarkable tree in the Kenilworth grounds, which will be described in the account of our visit to Stoke Poges.

WARWICK CASTLE

Thursday, August 6, we went to Warwick castle, and were shown through the castle grounds. The castle is in fine condition as well as the surroundings and is occupied by the Countess of Warwick, and her son, the future Earl of Warwick, now Lord Brooke, and not of age.

The Avon river flows past the place and is much wider and more attractive than at Shakespeare's home.

The castle was built during the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries and was never despoiled, as the Warwicks were favorable to Cromwell and were therefore not disturbed. We were shown through by a very intelligent guide. From the back windows of the large reception room, we saw the Avon flowing gently past, a beautiful waterfall, adding to the picturesqueness of the view. We saw Sir Isaac Walton's marriage chest, made of cedar and beautifully carved.

Other objects of interest were:

A large pot, called "Guy's Porridge Pot". It is an enormous cauldron, holding 120 gallons, weighing half a ton. The pot was used for garrison cooking purposes in the fourteenth century.

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The trappings used by Queen Elizabeth in her journey from Warwick to Kenilworth in 1573.

The identical helmet worn by Cromwell.

The Warwick vase, in fine condition, a Greek production dating back 400 years B.C.

There are no less than five rooms containing paintings, some of them priceless. We saw the entire collection, but can only mention a very few.

“The Assumption of the Virgin”, Raphael

“Anne Boleyn”, Lely

“The Four Evangelists”, Rubens

“Charles I”, equestrian portrait, Van Dyck

“The Laughing Boy”, Murillo

“Landscape”, Salvator Roser.

A fine portrait of the Countess of Warwick and her daughter, painted by the American artist, Sargent, adorns the walls of the dining room.

The state bedroom contains the bed occupied by Queen Anne, and the accompanying furniture. This was presented to the Warwicks by George III.

It should be remembered that the various Earls of Warwick covered a period of 1000 years. Their burial place is St. Mary's church and Beauchamp chapel, both of which historic places we visited.

The church was built in the twelfth century, on the ruins of a much older fabric. The tower has a remarkable chime of bells. A different tune is played each day:

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Sunday . . . The Easter Hymn
Monday . . . Home Sweet Home
Tuesday . . . Jenny Jones
Wednesday Blue Bells of Scotland
Thursday . . The Minstrel Boy
Friday . . . The March in Scipio
Saturday . . The Last Rose of Summer

The crypt containing the ancient ducking stool, used to cool off scolding wives, was shown us. We were given a cut of the affair and shown how it was used.

The Beauchamp chapel must be seen to be appreciated. It is an architectural gem. The principal tomb is that of Richard said to be the finest in the world. Immediately opposite is the tomb of the Earl of Leicester, Robert Dudley, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth. There are numerous other tombs of various other Earls of Warwick, but space will not permit description. We saw the table used by the magistrate in making out the warrant for the arrest of Shakespeare for poaching.

We saw the room in the crypt where the various earls not having special tombs are resting. It is a large square room, with niches extending around three sides. These niches contain leaden coffins holding the remains.

A pleasing sequel to our visit to Warwick castle, occurred after our return to London. I bought in Leicester, a two volume edition, "History of Warwick Castle", by Anne, Countess of Warwick. It is beautifully printed and illustrated. Something inspired me

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to write to the Countess of Warwick and ask for an inscription on the work to take back to America. Somewhat to my surprise, I received a fine letter from her complying with my request.

We visited the Green family at Kibworth and saw a fine old church and had a delightful visit with Miss Cooper's friends.

CHAPTER XVIII—BRADGATE PARK— BELVOIR CASTLE

ON Saturday, August 8, we visited the ruins of Lady Jane Grey's manor in Bradgate park. The house is surely a veritable ruin, but the pathetic incidents connected with the life of Lady Jane Grey and her tragic end, made the visit of exceptional interest. The property is now owned by one of her descendents and is rented for shooting purposes. We saw all sorts of rabbits and hares and a large herd of deer. There are some chestnut trees in the yard and very ancient oak trees in the open, some of them over 400 years old. We saw the watch tower of "Old John" in the elevated distance, but contented ourselves with a passing look. The tower is said to have, or formerly had, an underground passage connecting with the manor house one mile distant. The taking of Lady Jane Grey's life is one of the blackest pages in English history. She was a victim of conspiracy and chicanery.

We visited Belvoir castle, pronounced "Beaver". This, another historic place, is owned by the Duke of Rutland. The family were absent and the visit was far from satisfactory. Many of the most interesting relics had been temporarily moved and house cleaning was in progress. The guide was quite incompetent being apparently "one of the servants in the house".

However, we saw a few things of interest. There are many old portraits and busts. A chair made from the Duke of Wellington's Waterloo tree.

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We were denied admission to the chapel as well as to the mausoleum. The castle was built strictly for defense, being on Rutland and his friends. The grounds surrounding are attractive.

The relics we missed would have been of greater interest than those we saw.

Sunday, August 9, we again visited Huntington house in Ashby-de-la-Zouch and this time found Mr. John German at home. He is an educated English gentleman of much local influence. In his garden he has an old Saxon font and the hour glass once owned by Sir Isaac Newton.

CHAPTER XIX—CHARNWOOD FOREST— CISTERCIAN MONASTERY

LATER we went to the monastery in the Charnwood forest known as the Abbey of Mount Saint Bernard. It being Sunday we were denied admission at first, but I used my persuasive powers on Prior Gerome and he consented to allow me to see the inner holy of holies, but the ladies were denied admission to everything except the museum.

The Brothers are a branch of the Cistercian order, same as in Switzerland where the great St. Bernard dogs rescue frozen travelers.

The monastery is governed from Rome. I saw the rough beds where the monks sleep and all the appliances imaginable for discomfort. Prior Gerome is a very interesting man, ignorant of all secular affairs, but well advised as to ecclesiastical matters. For instance, he knew of Bishop Horstman's death which occurred recently and seemed overjoyed when I told him I had known the good Bishop personally. There are but twenty-nine members of the order left, and I judge from this that the membership is dwindling away. I saw several Brothers, but was not permitted to even whisper when going through the corridors and the holy spots. I saw one monk in full dress going through genuflections before an image, and I was startled as the dress resembled so closely that of a woman, and before the genuflection commenced the figure stood so still I thought it was a statue.

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The abbey was erected in 1838. Everything about the place is suited for monastic life and nothing else. But one woman, Queen Charlotte, was the first lady who ever gained admission to the monastery and this was by special dispensation from the Pope. A full history of the Cistercian order would be of great interest, but has no place in this narrative.

We finished our visit with a climb to Mount Calvary a natural stone eminence, some two hundred feet high with an immense crucifix on top. We bade Father Gerome "Auf Veder Sehn" and when we finally parted he exclaimed "Pax Vobiscum"—"Peace be with you".

On Monday, August 10, we left Leicester at 11:30 a.m. having completed a week of delightful and instructive sight-seeing. We returned to the Grand hotel, London and arranged to remain one week. We did no sight-seeing on the day of our arrival.

CHAPTER XX

ETON COLLEGE—STOKE POGES

TUESDAY, August 11, we visited Eton college, and saw all we could during vacation time. Eton is a historic school and many of the great men of England received their preparatory education in this noted pile. The college was founded by the Royal Charter of Henry VI, October 11, 1440. The official name is:

“The Kings College of our Lady of Eton, beside Windsor”.

The original idea was to care for and educate boys of poor parentage and others unable to pay their own way, as well as secular priests. This was subsequently altered and almshouse attachment was abolished in 1468.

The location of the college is near Windsor castle and the Thames.

What is known as the Hundred Steps are still in existence and still used by Eton boys to climb up to the Castle terrace. This was where George III (our George) mixed with the boys and boasted that he knew every lad in school.

The town of Eton is full of historic places, the haunts of great men during their boyhood, which reads slightly Irish.

Shakespeare was very much in this region and put up at the White Hart hotel, where he wrote “The Merry Wives of Windsor”.

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We visited the chapel and court adjoining. I was much attracted by an old pump, four hundred years in existence and still in use by the boys for drinking purposes, formerly used also for ablutions by the scholars. I worked the handle and took a good big draught of most refreshing water.

The interior of the chapel contains fine fresco work and beautifully stained glass windows, also many tablets erected to the memory of deceased notables connected with the school.

We were barred from visiting the different school buildings on account of vacation time and repairs going on.

In the chapel are many historic portraits, among them a fine one of George III.

We were in the library and the attendant would not permit me to register in the book which stood open invitingly. The guide made the remark that "the register is for certain people".

The library contains valuable manuscripts and books of historic interest, among others the first copy of the Mazarine Bible printed from movable types in 1453.

The playing fields, so called, date back to the foundation of the college, and are large in extent and filled with facilities for all sorts of games usually played by boys.

The Duke of Wellington is quoted as saying "The Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton".

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The school has dormitories for 3000 boys and the history of the college is an integral part of the history of England during the past 450 years.

After our somewhat unsatisfactory inspection of Eton college we drove to Stoke Poges.

The most widely known poem in the English language "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard" was inspired by Stoke Poges church, and surroundings and written in the churchyard by Thomas Gray. As was fitting, his ashes were buried in a tomb near the church and the place is a shrine visited by English speaking people with as much reverence as is Stratford-on-Avon.

There is a large monument to Gray in the park adjoining but it is too modern and not in keeping with the quiet, peaceful and restful surroundings of the church and the churchyard:

"Full many a gem of
purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed
caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born
to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness
on the desert air."

The history of Stoke Poges goes back to Anglo-Saxon times when the manor was held by "Siret, a man of Earl Harold".

Domesday Book, 1086, records that the lands were held by William Fitz Anculf, otherwise known as

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William Stoches. The manor passed into other hands and a tenant, 1290 to 1330, Robert Poges gave the name, which still holds good. The lands passed through various hands as shown by the records, having been owned successively by Sir Edward Coke, the great lawyer, who died at Stoke Poges, 1634. Sir Edward entertained Queen Elizabeth at the manor "most magnificently" as the account reads.

Sir John Villiers, Lady Cobham and the Penn family were also owners. The manor was bought by Thomas Penn, son of William Penn 1760 and retained by the Penn family until 1840. Thomas Penn was the son of William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania. The house is still known as the Penn manor. We were told while at Stoke Poges that the manor and land were about to pass into the hands of a golf club.

The church and churchyard known as St. Giles church, are within a few hundred feet of the Penn manor which was erected in 1790 by John Penn, another son of William Penn. Part of the church, still standing, dates back to 1107. The church has, of course, been built and rebuilt. The main part used now is of red brick and stucco. The interior of the church is quaint and of course incongruous, oak beams 500 or 600 years old and modern columns adjoining.

There is a font inscribed 1338 A. D.

The lepers window is shown from the outside. Four of the old windows are filled with Flemish glass and glass brought from the manor house. One of the

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windows shows the arms of Roger Manners, son of Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, who eloped with Sir John Manners, in 1558.

Also the arms of Sir Walter Mildmay, the founder of Emanuel college at Cambridge, from which proceeded John Harvard the founder of Harvard college.

A remarkable stained glass window is inscribed 1643 and is known as the "Bicycle Window". The figure bears a close resemblance to the modern bicycle.

Numerous memorials are in the church proper and many noted people are buried therein, among others, members of the Penn family.

In the churchyard which we first visited we saw the tomb of Gray. Rather curious, Gray's name is not on the tomb but on a tablet opposite on the church wall is his name and these words:—

"In the same tomb upon which he has so feelingly inscribed his grief at the loss of a beloved parent." His sister and mother are buried in the same tomb and the inscription on the vault reads:—

"In the vault beneath are deposited
in hope of a joyful resurrection
the remains of

MARY ANTROBUS

She died unmarried, November 5, 1749,

Aged 66.

In the same pious confidence beside
her friend and sister here sleep the

remains of

DOROTHY GRAY,

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Widow, the careful, tender mother
of many children, one of whom alone
had the misfortune to survive her.

She died March 11, 1753

Aged 67.

The churchyard is most interesting. Upon entering the yard we were met by a grave digger engaged in digging a grave for a burial to take place next day. Although not the regular guide, we took him in hand and were surprised at the intelligence of a man holding so humble a position. I was attracted by a beautiful tree and noticed it was the same species as one we saw at Kenilworth. The grave digger gave us the Latin name "Thaya Ventas Erector". It is a sweet scented pine brought from South America, tall and straight, and the leaves in folds presenting a beautiful appearance when stirred by the winds, rising and falling in a graceful manner. There is a yew tree in the yard 1400 years old and the covering of a part of a tomb inscribed 1107. The church is covered with ivy and I at once thought of the lines by Charles Dickens in *Pickwick Papers* which are here copied:—

"Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy Green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old,
Of right choice food are his meals I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him,

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Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.
Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he,
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend the huge Oak Tree,
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves,
Creeping where dim death has been
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.
Whole ages have fled and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been,
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green,
The brave old plant in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise,
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on where time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

CHAPTER XXI—LONDON AGAIN— WINDSOR CASTLE

ON Wednesday, August 12, we all took a morning bus ride which came to be one of our favorite ways of getting around and seeing things. We passed Kensington palace, where Queen Victoria was born and Holland house was pointed out and described as a former great artistic and literary center. The place has the appearance of a wilderness and is kept in the same unkempt state as during the life of its owner, Lord Holland and out of deference to his expressed wish. The mansion was built in 1607 in the Tudor style. The wild appearance of the grounds in the heart of London is refreshing.

In the evening I went with Mr. Roy Summerville on the top of various omnibuses, through the famous Whitechapel district. I was prepared to see no end of misery, but failed to discern the condition described by Jack London, and other writers, who have, I am sure, drawn upon their imagination.

As the bus went along we could see the gradual change from the brilliant denizens of the Strand and Piccadilly to the poorly dressed inhabitants of the White Chapel district.

I was shown the exact spot where the numerous murders were committed by Jack the Ripper, a small side street decidedly off the main thoroughfare. Jack was discovered to be a lunatic but shrewd enough to evade the police for a long period.

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The people living in the White Chapel district seemed to be pretty nearly all foreigners, Jews, Italians and French. Every other house seemed to be a saloon or place of entertainment and much apparent gaiety prevailed. We walked for some considerable distance but were not molested or accosted. Possibly at night conditions would have been different.

Tuesday, August 11, we visited Windsor castle for the second time. Our first visit, it will be remembered was on Sunday, everything except St. George's chapel was closed. This visit, everything was wide open and we first paid our respects to the Royal stables. A liveried equerry was placed at our disposal and the inspection was most interesting. We were shown the white ponies used by the Royal children of the future Queen, and also the team of ponies and the miniature phaeton, used by Queen Victoria in driving with her grandchildren, a venerable and a somewhat dilapidated vehicle. The horses numbered 130 and were of different colors. The greys are used exclusively by the Royal family and the other colors by Royal visitors. All the horses are bred at Hampton court and trained in the Royal stables at Windsor.

The harness room was a disappointment and contained little but plain harness and equipment.

The carriage room was quite interesting and we were particularly struck with the postillion carriages. There is no seat for the driver and the whole affair is managed by the men on horseback, particularly skillful talent being needed. In the olden days as many

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as ten horses would be driven tandem. The stables were scrupulously clean, the floors could have been set for a meal. All the men on duty are uniformed and under the strictest discipline.

Since automobiles have come into fashion, the number of horses and the equipment have been reduced. The King is fond of motoring and it is fair to suppose that a Royal garage will be next in order.

After the inspection of the stables, a special guide was engaged and our tour through the grounds and the castle commenced.

The best view of Windsor is from the Thames river. Perhaps we were prejudiced in favor of this view from the fact that in my collection of paintings is a delightful bit by Peter Dewint, showing the palace from the river side. Dewint was a noted English painter, long since deceased.

The history of the castle is coeval with that of the English nation from the time of the Norman conquest.

It is alleged that the site of the castle was once the place of an ancient British camp and Roman castle, but this is legendary. At old Windsor, two miles distant, King Edward the Confessor, sometimes held his court.

There is no record of the New Windsor in the Domesday. It is recorded that King William visited Windsor in 1070, its first mention as the residence of a sovereign.

The castle as it exists now, dates from the time of Henry II, and as all these different piles were built

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piecemeal during different reigns, the stone is uniform and is quarried near the castle, the stone for repair work down to the present time being from the same quarry.

George IV made extensive alterations and new approaches and different sovereigns since have added to the castle, but the same general appearance remains as it is testified to by the views painted and drawn at different periods. In any event, Windsor castle ranks as one of the finest edifices in the world. We were astonished at its magnitude as compared with our previously formed opinion.

There are a number of towers known respectively as:—Winchester tower, York and Lancaster towers, Henry III tower, Salisbury Garter tower, Curfew tower, Round tower.

The Curfew tower contains five bells in daily use. "The Knell of Parting Day" was no doubt heard by the poet Gray when he penned the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard", Stokes Poges being but a few miles distant.

The bells still peal forth sweet sounds, quite pleasant to listen to in contrast with the locomotive bells quite near.

The crypt of the Curfew tower was formerly used as a prison. Anne of Boleyn passed her last night here before her execution.

From the Round tower floats the British flag. In this tower the Order of the Garter originated, considered the most exclusive and greatest of all orders, dating

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from 1638. It is too well known to repeat this legend here. Anyway, the accident of the lost garter picked up by the King was the simple and sentimental origin of the order. Volumes have been written about it, and it is well described in Ashmole's History of the "Order of the Garter".

A fine statue of King George III is in the open.

Many royal marriages have taken place in the castle and many royal prisoners have been confined therein, many royal deaths have occurred within the walls and many are buried near the place of their death.

St. George's chapel is considered one of the finest in England. On our previous visit, it being Sunday, we attended service in the lower part of the sanctuary. When the chapel was built special stalls were constructed for the Knights of the Garter, 600 years after their construction and but recently the Knights attended divine service, and occupied these stalls.

Banners and crests and Garter Plates hang around in profusion and all of intense historic interest, some of them modern as Napoleon III and William the first German emperor. Among the internments in the Chapel are:

Edward IV,
Charles I, refused burial in Westminster
Abbey,
Lady Jane Seymour, Queen of Henry VII,
Charles II,
Earl of Lincoln,
Henry VI,
Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria.

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Brasses and effigies of noted people are quite plenty and too numerous to mention.

Windsor castle was occupied for many years by Queen Elizabeth.

We were shown the exact spot where Shakespeare and his company first played "The Merry Wives of Windsor" before Queen Elizabeth. The play was written by Shakespeare in the White Hart hotel near by and is full of allusions to the Castle and its then and former occupants.

Queen Elizabeth, by the way, was a great scholar, familiar with Latin, Italian, French, Greek and Spanish. She had teachers for all these languages and was a diligent student. Cromwell was a frequent resident of the castle, but his occupancy was not continuous. The castle was reserved by Act of Parliament for the use of the Protector.

Queen Anne resided for twelve years in the castle, and there are many things reminding the visitor of her occupancy. One room still retains the name of Queen Anne and contains her marble bust.

Of particular historic interest to Americans is the fact that George III resided at Windsor castle during the war for American Independence. I am impressed with the belief that he was a mild mannered king with considerable of the milk of human kindness in his composition and really was not particularly averse to parting with his American rebels.

George III had much to do with the improvement of Windsor castle. Under the advice of Dr. Johnson,

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he collected the finest library in existence, now in the British museum. Immense purchases of works of art were made by him and are still preserved in the castle. He was the one pure minded King George, and with his virtuous Queen, set an example worthy of imitation to all the world. Domestic grief, political anxiety and national misfortune, together with inherited tenderness, drove the good King insane, and he died in this condition in the castle in 1820.

We visited the State apartments, the oldest portion of the castle. The State ante-room was set apart for Royal visitors. We were shown the bed recently occupied by the present Emperor William. The room contains beautiful wall paintings and decorations. The room was formerly the King's dining room.

There is a Rubens' room, containing more than fifty paintings of this prolific worker.

The council chamber is now fitted up as a bed room. The borders of the curtains of the State bed and the window curtains were embroidered by Queen Charlotte and the ladies of the household. The room contains fine paintings by many noted artists.

The King's closet contains a number of pictures by various artists, chiefly Dutch and Flemish.

The Queen's closet also contains a score or more of fine paintings. The picture gallery proper, is filled with numerous fine examples of Rembrandt, Titian and other immortal painters. The Van Dyck room contains thirty examples of the great artist.

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The Queen's audience chamber contains much fine tapestry and many portraits, one particularly fine of Mary Queen of Scots, a full length, as she appeared at her execution.

The guard room is of great historic interest and contains historic armor and swords, one being that worn by George III, emblazoned with diamonds. Another being the sword of Napoleon I when First consul. The room is full of articles of great historic value.

St. George's hall is probably the largest banqueting hall in existence. It was built by Edward III as a banqueting room for the Knights of the Garter. The room is 200 feet in length, 34 broad and is still used for banqueting purposes. The Grand Reception Room is a sort of ante-room to St. George's hall.

The Throne room is magnificently finished and decorated, the hangings being blue velvet. Many historical events have taken place in this room.

The Waterloo chamber is filled with historic portraits, painted by the great portrait artist of former times, Lawrence Wilkie and others. Historic flags hang everywhere, some hundreds of years old, others as modern as the flag which floated over the British legation at Peking when besieged by the Chinese in 1901.

Queen Victoria modernized the castle and occupied it for the longest time of any English sovereign. St. George's chapel and the grounds contain much evidence of her devotion to her husband Prince Albert, who, by the way, was a loyal and devoted friend of the North during the Civil war of '61-'65.

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All Americans should hold Queen Victoria in grateful remembrance. She was our friend, steadfast and enduring, throughout the entire period of the conflict and it is a part of the history of the time, that Gladstone and other statesmen, unfriendly to the North were in favor of recognizing the Southern confederacy and would have done so but for the steady opposition of the Queen.

Returning to the city proper, we wound up the evening by a visit to "The Old Cheshire Cheese" famous for centuries, the home of Dr. Johnson. For a consideration, we were shown his chair in which he sat and growled, the fireplace where he warmed himself and we sat in Johnson's corner and partook of a frugal bite. This famous restaurant is a place of resort for many distinguished men of the present day, more especially at lunch time.

Dr. Johnson was a noted character and wit, learned, pompous and arrogant, ungainly in body and careless in dress. His memory is still kept green by his friend and worshipper, Boswell, who followed him about, drinking in all he said and recording it and which was subsequently transformed into a book.

Boswell's Johnson is unique and no modern library is considered complete without the work. This Dr. Johnson was "Dr. Samuel Johnson" and should not be confounded with the other Dr. Jonson, also of literary fame known as "Rare Ben Jonson".

Thursday evening I walked through Soho with our friend Mr. Summerville. This historic ground, the

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former haunt of artistic and literary people. It is now filled with cheap restaurants and the lodgings of the poorer classes. The district derived its name from an old hunting cry "so ho" handed down from the days when rabbits and hares all went in pairs through the district and could be started up by the hounds.

We passed the home of Hogarth and the burial place of Hazlett.

The evening ended by a visit to the famous Savage club of which Mr. Summerville is a member. The club has a membership of 600. No one can become a member unless he is an artist or a writer of repute. The walls contain over 200 paintings and drawings all the work of members. The Prince of Wales is a member as well as King Edward VII. Our own inimitable Mark Twain is an honorary member. Numerous literary and artistic functions are given in the club and at the regular Saturday night dinners members are expected to assist in entertaining without previous notice. The membership of the club is interchangeable with the Lambs club in New York and the Green Room club of London.

As a typical English club, I was fortunate in being entertained therein. No bills are run or checks signed as in our American clubs. It is C. O. D. when you order. The "Dutch treat" is in vogue. A number will sit at the same table and each party pays for his own refreshments and orders what he pleases. The club overlooks the Thames embankment and is in the center of the business districts.

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Friday August 14, we took a long drive through Hyde park, and eschewed sight seeing. Saturday, packed up and at 11:40 a.m. left for Southampton at which place we arrived at 2:00 p.m. and put up at the Southwestern hotel, one of the many good hostelries kept by the different railroad lines.

CHAPTER XXII

SOUTHAMPTON—THE PILGRIM FATHERS

THE impression in our minds that Southampton is of mushroom growth and recently developed, was eradicated very soon after our arrival in this historic town. We had in mind that the making of Southampton, the English port for so many foreign lines of steamers, was responsible for the prominence of the place and its rapid growth. This has, of course, contributed to the town's prosperity, but the fact remains that it is a historic place of prominence and one of the oldest towns in England.

Americans are particularly interested in Southampton. Perhaps the most interesting historical event connected with the town was the embarkation of the "Pilgrim Fathers" on board the Mayflower in 1620. There were two ships started on this memorable voyage, but the Speedwell belied its name and was found to be unseaworthy at Plymouth and there abandoned. The voyage of the Mayflower took 63 days, Cape Cod being reached on November 11. The first village established by the voyagers was named New Plymouth.

We were told that in the Audit house was a fine oil painting of the Mayflower, which had never been reproduced. We paid our respects to the mayor, and after inspecting the mayor's parlor, a fine apartment, we were, by the aid of a friendly clerk, shown the veritable picture.

Housecleaning was in progress and it was with considerable difficulty that we found the treasure. It

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proved to be away above our expectations, and I was immediately possessed with the idea that we must have a photograph to take home with us. I explained that we were American friends of the American ambassador in London, etc. The result was that I arranged with a photographer and subsequent to our visit, received and brought home with me a beautiful photograph of this historic picture, the only one in America. The artist is unknown, as the painting is unsigned. Traditionally, it is about 200 years old, as it has been in the Audit house that length of time.

A word about the Pilgrim Fathers. In 1608, a small body of pilgrims from Scrooby in Nottinghamshire went to Holland in order to dwell among people whose views and form of worship were more congenial than those maintained and enforced by James I.

The party remained in Holland twelve years, found that the life of the city in which they lived was not calculated to keep them firm in their English allegiance and sympathies and in their way of spiritual thinking. They were alone in a strange land and longed for a country where they would be free from foreign influence and where they might have perfect liberty to worship. So this remarkable journey was made and all returned to England. After visiting with relatives in London and elsewhere, by prearrangement all met in Southampton and spent nearly two weeks preparing for the voyage to new America. As stated, the Speedwell was abandoned at Plymouth and its passengers transferred to the Mayflower, which in due time arrived

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on the New England coast and the New England states were founded by the Pilgrim Fathers. This was the first real settlement in the New World. We of the Western Reserve have just reason to be proud of our ancestry and the part taken in the establishment of a Colony which has developed into a nation of eighty-five million people.

We were in Southampton and vicinity for several days and visited and were shown many places of historic interest.

The bar gate is one of the striking features of the town and still remains across the center of the most important street in Southampton. The gates date back to early Norman times. A middle passage is kept open for traffic. There is a figure of George III in the niche. A watch bell dated 1695 and inscribed "In God is my Hope". A sundial dated 1705.

The Audit house, already referred to, contains valuable historical relics, ancient charters, manuscripts, and a warrant issued by Edward, the Black Prince, in 1339.

The Tudor house recently restored is of much interest. We visited it and were shown the ancient part of it, timber 500 years old, a fire-place of early origin, etc. Henry VIII used this house during his visits to Southampton, prior to his divorce from Catherine of Arragon.

In one of the ancient cubby-holes in the old well, we were shown the old treasure chest, brought to Southampton by Phillip II of Spain in 1554, and in the

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same place a model made of bones by the French prisoner of the French war vessel Cemarre, a very fine production and showing the artistic tendencies of the French of whatever class.

There are many historic churches in Southampton some of them centuries old.

Holyrood dating from 1320 is where Phillip II of Spain worshipped and was shrived while en route to Winchester to marry his future queen, Mary.

St. Michaels, another historic church was undergoing repairs during our visit and we were unable to view it, except the interior. St. Michaels dates from early Norman times. It contains several monuments, commemorating several notables, among others: May Watts, the sister of Dr. Watts, Sir R. Lyston, Lord Chief Justice of England and Bennet Langdon, the friend of Dr. Johnson. The monument has on it this inscription written by Dr. Johnson: "Sit anima mea cum Langton's"—"May my soul be with Langton".

Southampton contains many parks, and places of amusement, cricket and foot ball grounds. It was our headquarters for several days while motoring to Burnemouth, Salisbury, Winchester, Stonehinge, Salisbury plain, and Netly Abbey, all of which places we visited and will record our impressions later on.

Old Southampton dates back, well authenticated, for more than a thousand years. It was defended by a stone wall thirty feet high, much of which remains. Many of the original towers are still intact and of surpassing archaeological interest.

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Coming down to a later period, Jane Austin lived and wrote in Southampton, the greater part of her life. Isaac Watts, the noted writer of hymns was born, lived and died in Southampton. His house was pointed out to us in one of our drives. Dr. Watts' place in hymns and sacred songs is secure and has placed him upon a pedestal which would make Southampton famous if there were no other reason.

Charles Dibdin of musical and lyrical fame, was born in Southampton and a monument is erected to his memory. His sea songs entitled him to the name of the Sailor's poet.

The history of Southampton is full of interesting events too numerous to record or even touch upon. Its history is a part of the history of the British empire.

CHAPTER XXIII—THE ISLE OF WIGHT—
WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL—ROMNEY
ABBEY—SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

A DAINTY picturesque spot is the Isle of Wight. Fortune favored us with a bright sunny day, August 16, so we followed the crowd and boarded the staunch little steamer, *Queen*, at an early hour. We passed the castle of Lord DeLaWar, the Descendant of the Lord DeLaWar after whom our own state of Delaware was named, and our first view of the American flag on an American vessel was the coming into Southampton harbor of steamer *St. Paul*. It was really an inspiring sight, and we passed near enough for the Americans on board the incoming steamer to realize that there were Americans on the little channel boat. We passed Cowes, the greatest yachting place in the world and the summer home of King Edward VII, Osborn house, the former favorite home of Queen Victoria, donated by her to the English government, now an abode of some sort for pensioners. We then touched briefly at Portsmouth, the great naval station of the British empire. We were fortunate in seeing as many as fifty vessels of war, the large number explained by the ships just returning from the naval maneuvers in connection with the Franco-British exhibition, and the exercises at Quebec. This sight was substantial evidence of the supremacy of England on the high seas. We had also a good view of the historic steamer *Victory*, Lord Nelson's flagship.

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We landed at Shanklins, in the Isle of Wight, and went immediately to the Chine inn for luncheon, a cute little box of a place overlooking the ocean and near the Chine walk. We met Miss Jennie Williams and her fiance, Mr. James W. Morris, on their vacation and pre-nuptial honeymoon. We had met Miss Williams in London, at the New Dudley gallery where she was in partial charge. Mr. Morris is the manager and assistant editor of "The American Register" in London. The meeting was very pleasant and profitable to us. They became our guests until our departure at the close of the day. We went to Daish's hotel, a beautiful old-fashioned place, kept by an American from Chicago. There were flowers in profusion all over the surrounding grounds. We had "tea" there, an everlasting English custom, which bobs up on all occasions. At the conclusion of this function, we procured a conveyance and went on a twenty-mile drive through a part of the island. The drive and the information gained from our companions, was one of the pleasing episodes of our journey abroad. Miss Williams is a bright, intelligent, educated girl with gracious manners, capable of adding much to the happiness of others going through life's journey. We drove over a moor, owned by Lord Somebody, used for shooting purposes in season. The brilliant heather made a fitting background for the giant chalk cliffs and the ocean in front.

We passed through Sandown, a fashionable watering place with pier and esplanade and fine coast scenery.

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It was in Sandown that the training ship Eurydice capsized in a sudden storm in 1878, resulting in the loss of 300 young lives.

Returning to Shanklins, we had a fine luncheon and then went through the famous "Chine walk" and Shanklins Chine, the most beautiful piece of natural scenery we had seen, a beautiful gorge with a gradual descent down to the sea, a distance of nearly a mile. It is all natural and filled with nature's revels, trees, flowers, moss and ferns, a veritable paradise.

Other objects and places of interest in Shanklins are the American woods, a beautiful grove of trees. No one seemed to know why it was named for America.

Cansbrooke castle grounds are romantile and is where Charles I was imprisoned, and the window through which he escaped is shown intact.

The whole of the Isle of Wight, is of absorbing interest and at least a full week could be spent in exploring its beauties. The island is 23 miles long by 13 miles wide, separated from the mainland by a channel five miles wide. The population is over 80,000. The climate is equable and mild. The history dates back to the sixth century. Remains of Roman villages are frequent. The island is now built up with towns and beautiful country residences. The Isle of Wight may be called "The Garden of England."

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

On Monday, August 17, we visited Winchester cathedral, next in importance to Westminster Abbey. The history of Winchester cathedral may be set down

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as an epitome of English history and a full record would require a volume of stout dimensions. Abundant evidence is shown that the pile started with the Romans and followed on down through the Saxons, Normans, Plantagenets and Tudors to the present.

Extensive repairs were going on during our visit and in the crypt workmen were mixing mortar using water from the ancient Roman well, more than a thousand years old and still with a full flow.

Pile foundations dating back to the eleventh century were being removed and renewed. Some of these piles were in a perfect state of preservation, the wood being sound to the core. Various forms of relics are made from the wood and sold for the benefit of the church restoration fund. These relics are authorized and their genuineness guaranteed by the Bishop of Winchester. We bought several of the relics for souvenirs, among others a silver mounted inkstand, now in use in my den, and a cross given to Father Barry. All the relics are stamped.

The cathedral was partially destroyed by Cromwell and his followers. The smashed stained glass was gathered up, saved and put into an immense window in its broken state, presenting a unique and dazzling composite appearance.

The monuments, chantries and cenotaphs are too numerous to mention in detail, some of them are very odd, and would require the aid of a trained archaeologist to elucidate the hieroglyphics and various figures adorning the limbs. Among the notables buried are

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Jane Austin, the famous English authoress and Mrs. Montagu, the founder of "Blue Stocking Club".

A mortuary chest contains the bones of Kings, Canute and William Rufus. Other mortuary chests contain the remains of King Edred, died A.D. 955, Edmund, died A.D. 946, King Egbert, died 837, King Kenulph, died 714, Kinegiles, A.D. 641 and last Ethelwulf, A.D. 857, father of Alfred the Great.

The marriage of Queen Mary with Phillip the Second of Spain, was celebrated in Winchester cathedral, July, 1554 with great pomp and ceremony. The Queen wore a black dress, flashing with gems, with a mantle of cloth of gold. She had 4000 bridesmaids, described in the accounts as looking like Celestial angels. The King had 4000 groomsmen attending him.

We were shown Queen Mary's chair in Bishop Langton's chapel, still in a good state of preservation.

The wall paintings and frescoes are worthy of special mention. Some of them are very curious representations of Christ and his contemporaries.

In the crypts are buried kings, princes and bishops of Saxon, Norman and later times. In one of the crypts is buried Izaak Walton, the prince of fishermen. The tomb has this inscription:—

"Here resteth the body of
Mr. Izaak Walton,
Who died the 15th of December, 1683."
"Alas—He's gone before,
Gone to return no more
Our panting breasts aspire
After their aged sire."

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A TENTH CENTURY ORGAN

We saw this organ and it is still in use. The description of this old music box erected A.D. 984 by St. Ethelwold's cathedral is curious and copied in the guide.

The chronology of the cathedral is of great interest. The religion was originally Catholic and is now of course, the Church of England. All around the main buildings, the ancient wall which bounded the precincts of the monastery is visible.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE

The oldest school in England is Winchester college, and still flourishing. It is a boys' school and so great is the pressure for admittance that immediately upon the birth and naming of a son, his name is entered upon the waiting list.

The city of Winchester is a mine of historic value and I anticipate much pleasure in again visiting this ancient place.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

Salisbury cathedral is considered by many to be the finest cathedral in England. We spent a good part of an afternoon and the visit was all too short. The cathedral had the advantage of one architect in its completion at least and its perfect symmetry and proportions are apparent at a glance.

The ground plan is that of a double cross of harmonious proportions, containing a lady chapel, presbytery choir, nave and transepts, with tower and spire. The cathedral is second only to St. Peter's of

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Rome in size. The very name of the architect is in doubt, according to the records. The spire is the loftiest in England. The sculpture in stone in the niches is worthy of special observation, representing as it does figures from the bible, and statues of Virgin, martyred cardinals, bishops and so on. The parables are worked out in stone.

The interior of the cathedral is certainly a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The painted windows in the presbytery are somewhat secular in character. The twelve months of the year are represented thus:

January - -	A man warming his hands
February --	Drinking wine
March - - -	Digging
April - - - -	Sowing seed
May - - - - -	Hawking
June - - - - -	Plucking flowers
July - - - - -	Reaping
August - - -	Threshing
September	Gathering fruit
October - - -	Brewing
November -	Felling timber
December -	Killing the Christmas pig

The memorial windows are many in number and of exceptional beauty and running through several centuries. The brasses and memorial tablets are many of recent date.

The library contains over 9000 volumes and the monument room has in it a duplicate of Magna Charta.

The monuments and burials are many, comparatively modern and none of people of surpassing

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greatness, just bishops and other noted men of great ability no doubt, but not of great fame or world wide renown.

The cathedral impressed us as being almost modern in appearance, and lacking the apparent antiquity of Westminster Abbey, Winchester and other ancient and historic piles. A curious fact in connection with service in the cathedral came to our knowledge. It is said the Bishop of Salisbury of New Sarum cannot preach in the cathedral without the consent of the prebendaries.

ROMSEY ABBEY

We visited this ancient structure and found much of interest. The history of the Abbey dates from the ninth century. The name is believed to have its derivation from the word Rome and dates back to Roman occupation. Curious enough the pile is located on an ancient island, which is not visible to the observer. Queen Ethelberton was the founder in 907 and her grandson Eadgar, the Peaceable, completed the work and installed the nunnery and appointed St. Meriwenna the abbess five years later. The original number of nuns was one hundred. In 944 the place was destroyed by the Danes and the nuns fled to Winchester. Subsequently the Abbey was rebuilt and added to as the centuries rolled on.

The Romsey Rood is said to be absolutely unique. It is a life sized figure of Christ carved on stone and is more than 1000 years old, located in the exterior of the

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Abbey, evidently at one time a fine piece of sculpture, but now showing the effect of time rather than Eternity as originally intended.

It is considered remarkable that this ancient crucifix was permitted to remain undemolished during the centuries of religious intolerance. There is a peal of eight bells in the choir. The tenor bell weighs 2600 pounds. The other seven are over two hundred years old. The stone used in building came from the Isle of Wight.

We were shown some interesting relics. A leaden coffin exhumed and unsealed in 1839. Nothing was found but a beautiful tress of auburn hair, centuries old but still in good condition. Also a piece of needle work, 400 years old, well preserved. We saw the tombs of the abbesses, the dates ranging through centuries. That the inmates of the nunneries of early days were not like Caesar's wife is quite evident and in time the nunneries were suppressed, the result of great scandal.

Many of the inmates were the daughters of kings and princes and entering the nunnery while mere children were sought out while in-mated as being wanted for wives. Many of the inmates were released and subsequently married. The history of abbey records the fact that there was much lack of discipline that the sisters were permitted, or at least were not prevented from going to town and drinking in the taverns. They were accused of drinking the sacristy wine and other breaches of decorum. Efforts were made by the authorities to reform it all but without success. The abbesses were changed, punishment was dealt out to

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the delinquents, but all of no avail. The looseness was too great to control and the nunnery was suppressed in 1539.

After the suppression, the nuns scattered, some of them married, some entered other religious houses. The church was sold to the people of Romsey by Henry VII for 100 pounds.

CHAPTER XXIV—STONEHENGE—SALISBURY PLAIN—THE NEW FOREST—BOURNEMOUTH STONEHENGE

TUESDAY, August 18, we went to Stonehenge, sometimes called the great Druidical temple. It is a mass of ruins in the shape of hewn stones, standing in the middle of Salisbury plain. Stonehenge is a mystery and its origin involved in obscurity. Various and divers reasons are given for the existence of these historic ruins, but to my way of thinking it is pretty much all guess work.

We were particularly attracted by the Sacrificial stone, an immense block in a flat position, and if tradition is to be credited, thousands of human victims were immolated thereon, to gratify the lust and cruelty of some of our ancestors. The formation is all chalk so it is certain the stones were brought from a long distance.

SALISBURY PLAIN

Our visit to Stonehenge was cut somewhat short by the British guardian announcing that if we so desired we could see the British cavalry maneuvered. He handed us a powerful glass and we could see in the distance, apparently innumerable men on horseback. We bid the custodian adieu, ordered the chauffeur to put on full head of power, and in less than half an hour, we had overtaken the flower of the British cavalry, going through maneuvers and evolutions. I was quite

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excited, jumped from the automobile, ran ahead and got too close and was politely ordered back, out of danger.

We then witnessed a brilliant spectacle, the finest we had ever seen. Eight thousand, trained mounted soldiers, the horses various colors, black, bay and gray, the latter being the famous Scotch regiment. The sight was stimulating and inspiring. The whole was under the direction of General Smutz, a veteran of the Boer war. Some of the famous cavalry regiments in the British army were assembled, three regiments of the Household Cavalry Brigade, first one Second Life Guards, Royal Home Guards, Seventh Brigade, 16th and 21st Lancers and various other regiments of Dragoons. It was by a mere piece of good luck that we witnessed this splendid exhibition. Salisbury Plain is the British training ground, is about twenty-five miles square, and its contour of the ground particularly suited for military maneuvers.

The evolution lasted about one hour, then all of a sudden the whole face disappeared over the hill as if by magic. We learned subsequently that this was the end of the sham battle and the enemy were in retreat.

ANCIENT ROMAN CAMP

We visited what is known as Vesasian's camp.

I climbed up from the rear with much labor and some danger and found to my chagrin that had I gone to the opposite side of this a gradual ascent could have been made.

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The camp is unique and the ancient earth-works would be still available. An army intrenched here could bid defiance to siege as long as provisions and water lasted.

THE WHITE HART INN

After our visit to the Roman camp we stopped in Salisbury at the White Hart inn, centuries old, famous for many reasons, among others, Mr. Pickwick was a guest and the inn is mentioned many times by Dickens.

It is also a historic place, by reason of having entertained royalty on many occasions.

We passed enroute on our return to Southampton, The Green Dragon, another Dickens hostelry.

THE NEW FOREST

Much of our remaining time was spent in the New Forest, a very old forest full of historic interest and dates back to the early centuries. It is filled with animal and bird life, quite thickly inhabited for a forest and little hamlets bob up on all occasions as one goes flying through the excellent roads, full of twists and turns, until one of the party remarked that you were likely to meet yourself on the same road almost any moment. And then one is apt to come across little historic inns. The first we saw was "YE TRUSTY SERVANT" named for a legend connected with Winchester cathedral. Near the inn is Winsted church, one of the four oldest in England. We were very much interested in this relic of former days and roamed around at our own sweet will, as the inevitable guide or caretaker was not in evidence. The church called "All Saints" has a decided charm.

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There is a very old square bowled font of the Norman sculpture. On one side are two adjuncts, containing family pews, fitted up like a small parlor. One has a fireplace and in the end is a three-deck gallery.

We saw some very ancient and dilapidated banners, one of which had this inscription "NON OMNIS MONOR".

The beauties of the Forest are varied, the scenery beyond compare, it is up hill and down dale, across running brooks. Trees and vines and heather and flowers in profusion, deer and game running wild and plenty of reason of the rigid game laws. Snakes are plenty and a professional snake killer is one of the attractions.

Charcoal burning is one of the industries and a large part of the charcoal used in England for domestic and manufacturing purposes is produced in the New Forest.

Bands of gypsies rove about, better dressed than the gypsies who visit America. As it is my intention in the future to visit this charmed spot and "do" it thoroughly, will leave it for the present, with delightful memories.

WINBORNE MINSTER

We visited this venerable edifice and were well repaid. With most places of the kind it dates back to Roman occupation.

The crypt contains a number of ancient burials and effigies. Among others buried in the aisle are two daughters of Daniel Defoe, the author of Robinson Crusoe.

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The church contains beautiful stained glass, some ancient and some modern. We visited the chain room, containing nearly 300 books each with a chain attached and padlocks. These books were used by the town people. There are some old books of interest. A History of the World by Sir Walter Raleigh, 1614, Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy and others.

One of the curiosities of Winborne minster was the old beadle who was our guide. He had been connected with the place for over half a century. When through he directed us where his portrait could be purchased.

CHRIST CHURCH PRIORY

We visited this ancient religious house the day before starting for home. It is nine centuries old and commanded our attention at once.

BORNEMOUTH

We motored through this fashionable watering place, a seaside resort patronized by the best people in England. It can scarcely be compared to Atlantic City, but in some respects there is a resemblance. The Board Walk of Atlantic City is a concrete walk at Bornemouth, has a fine drive paralleling it while Atlantic City has no approach whatever to the ocean front except through the side streets. The scene was really a brilliant one. Perhaps ten thousand bathers were enjoying themselves and twice as many spectators looking on. The town contains many fine residences. Instead of rolling chairs as at Atlantic City, miniature carriages are driven about with donkeys. The place is much more exclusive and less cosmopolitan than our own and only Atlantic City.

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NETLY ABBEY

One of the attractions of Southampton is the old abbey, but a short distance from the town, in ruins, but picturesque and interesting. We drove to this last historic place before leaving for home, and on the road our attention was attracted by a drinking fountain in the form of an obelisk with this inscription:

“Bequeathed to the town of Southampton by Mrs. Henrietta Bellenden Sayers, as an evidence of her care both for men and beast. Giving thanks for all things unto God”.

1890.

We were obliged to cross by a ferry or floating bridge as it is called in England, to reach the ruins.

We soon reached the very tasteful entrance lodge to Netly castle, paid the stipend demanded and entered the beautiful grounds. Just before entering, we noticed another drinking trough with this inscription:

“Erected for watering horses of travelers by Colonel The Hon. H. C. Crichton of Netly Castle in memory of his mother Selina, Countess of Erne”.

Netly castle was originally built by Henry VIII, the materials having been taken from the ruins of the ancient monastery. It was also a fort garrisoned for defense. The plan of the abbey, appeared to be about the same as the other abbeys we visited, with separate secular and cloister portions, made in the form of a latin cross and in gothic style.

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The grounds contain many beautiful trees and the ancient stone work partly covered with creeping vines added to the picturesque appearance of this ancient pile.

Some of these old monks have been a gay lot, as they are charged with neglecting to read the bible in the cloister service, charged with consorting with disorderly women and with admitting jovial companions to the monastery.

The abbey was suppressed in 1537 and its possession reverted to the crown.

In excavating some years since the monks' dining room was discovered, which had been in use for three hundred years, the monks eating their coarse fare in humble silence from wooden trenches.

We were shown some curious old foundation stones supposed to have been marked by the King and Queen when the foundation was laid seven hundred years ago, probably with great pomp and ceremony.

The Ingoldsby Legends contain many romantic stones with Netley abbey as the background.

We were impressed with the extent of the grounds, founded as history relates, in the thirteenth century. The ancient monastery belongs to the Cistercian Order of Monks, and dates back to 1075. The order came to England in the eleventh century. Domesday Book has a complete record of this.

CHAPTER XXV—LONDON—THE FINISH

INNUMERABLE books have been written about London, and many more will be written, and still the half is not told.

London is fascinating, it is interesting, it is unique in many respects and is particularly attractive to English speaking people.

When we sailed from New York July 2, our intention was to spend at least half our time in Germany, France and Scotland. We remained over Sunday in Hamburg, spent a scant week in Berlin, journeyed direct from Berlin to London and never stirred outside of England until we sailed for home August 21 from Southampton. Three weeks of our time was passed in London and the remainder in rural England with Leicester and Southampton as starting places. London as is known, is the largest city in the world, and the capital of a country whose influence permeates all Christendom.

The present population exceeds five millions and among the inhabitants may be found representations of every race and nation on the globe, not excepting our own American Indians.

The first impression is bewilderment. I was afraid of getting lost, and until we got our bearings, patronized cabs and taximeters. However, before leaving, we walked much and used the stages and underground tramways, which run everywhere and apparently start nowhere. The cab system is wonderful. On a mo-

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ment's notice, one can pick up a cab or taximeter, night or day, and the police regulations if understood, prevent extortion.

The post office comprises a great system with branch offices conveniently located, apparently at almost every corner. The post office authorities handle the telegraph system and it is the custom to deliver telegrams anywhere in England, to the receiver, within thirty minutes from the time of filing.

Hotels and boarding houses are thick and varied. Many of the new hotels are run for the special benefit of Americans, but there are hundreds of strictly English-kept hostelries, attractive, full of inconveniences. There are many fine cafes and restaurants but we found none to excel and few equal, to the best places in New York.

I was greatly impressed with the police and police system. The members of the force all look alike, are polite and curt in giving information and ubiquitous.

In motoring through the country, the metropolitan police sewage system, up-to-date. I had read so much of London fogs that I was really anxious to see one, but fogs were not in season during our sojourn.

"The season" is the great event in London and lasts about two months. Much gayety and frivolity and entertaining are compressed into this brief period, so that when it is all over everybody needs rest and recuperation. The contrast between the appearance of London and New York is striking. London looks

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and is old. The buildings have an ancient appearance, but no attempt is made to change this. Even the new structures have an antiquated look.

The origin of the name "London" is somewhat obscure, but is supposed to be of Celtic origin.

Remains of ancient military occupations are abundant, parts of walls, old wells and pavements are in evidence. To follow the history down from the known beginning until the present time, is intensely interesting. So many opportunities are afforded to obtain the information first hand, that I will not dwell upon the subject, suffice it to say that after three weeks of steady sight-seeing, we left a great deal for another visit, or series of visits, such as:

The British Museum
The London docks.
The principal theatres
The Bank of England
The hospitals
Many historic churches
Crystal palace
National portrait gallery
The Hippodrome
Zoological gardens
Madame Tussands
And last, but not least,
The haunts of Dickens.

As to rural England we left unseen the principal cathedrals, Oxford, the Yorkshire country and other historic localities, all of which, having been in existence for centuries will keep until subsequent visits.

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In our travels about England, we took the names of many of the inns on account of the curious nomenclature. A list of the names is reproduced below:

Ship and Turtle
Three Nuns
The Angel Inn
The Green Dragon
Horse and Jockey
Stag and Pheasant
Barley Mow
The White Hart
The Old Red Cow
Stag and Hounds
Swan with Two Necks
Old Coach and Horses
Flying Horn
Wagon and Horses
Bottle and Jug
Elephant and Castle
White Horse
Twin Oak
Sir John Barleycorn
Ye Trusty Servant
Wheat Sheaf
Old Thatched House
Cat and Fiddle
Sailors' Return
The Round of Beef
Golden Cross

Many of these inns were made famous by Dickens in his writings, more especially Pickwick papers.

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DICKENS' RELICS

During our stay in London, and by correspondence since, I purchased the following Dickens relics and mementoes:—

1. Twenty champagne glasses
2. Water color drawing of the old White Hart inn.
3. Print, Golden Cross Hotel, where Mr Pickwick first landed in London.
4. Lithograph of the Blackeny factory where Dickens found first employment.
5. Etched portrait-first proof.
6. Twenty-five original water-color drawings
..... Comprising the principal characters in Dickens writings from Pickwick to Sampson Brass.

We sailed on our return voyage from Southampton, August 21, on the good ship Amerika. The passage home was somewhat rough, but pleasant withal, and we were all glad when the ship landed and we were safely through the custom house.

A DAY IN WASHINGTON'S COUNTRY

by Joseph G. Butler, Jr.

EVERY patriotic American knows that the ancestors of the immortal George Washington, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen", came from England; but few know the exact locality whence they came, and a still smaller number ever visited the region. While in England during the month of August last, I was attracted by an advertisement of one of the many tours running in all directions from London, "A DAY IN WASHINGTON'S COUNTRY." I immediately decided to make the journey to the places where the ancestors of our first President were born, where they lived, where they worshipped, where they died, and where they are buried.

The day, August 18, was bright and pleasant. The train left Euston station, London, early in the morning with a special car attached for Northampton, eighty-two miles distant. From the extensive advertising given the excursion, I expected to have a score at least of Americans, as fellow travelers as anxious as I to visit the promised land. My surprise was great when it was made known to me that I was the sole excursionist, or, if I may so express it, the one American patriot mustered in for that particular day. However, I am pleased to add, the London & Northwestern Railway Company carried out the terms of the round-trip contract with the same exactness and fidelity as if the

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party had been of large dimensions. Reaching Northampton, a very competent guide met the train, and after a diligent quest, failed to discover the large party expected.

I was taken through and around the historic town after which Northampton, Mass., is named—the home of one of our great American women's colleges. A word in passing about Northampton—a county borough under the government of a mayor and town council. The mayoralty is an ancient office, running back to the latter part of the twelfth century. Laurence Washington, great-great-grandfather of George Washington, was mayor in 1533 and again in 1556, serving two terms at different periods. The town dates back to Roman occupation, and the remains of the ancient Roman wall are shown. The town is also mentioned in Domesday Book as Northamtone. Saxon, Dane and Norman successively occupied the territory and many events prominent in English history are associated and connected with the locality. Danes' camp is shown the visitor and Bishop Thomas à Becket's well is walled in and pointed out, where the great saint and martyr took a drink before his final flight, disguised as a monk; all of which is set forth in history and tradition. The place contains a number of ancient churches, two of which are quite noted, St. Peter's and All Saints', both dating from the twelfth century. I copied this inscription from the outside of the front wall of All Saints' church.

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Here under lyeth
John Bailes Born in this
Town, he was above 126
years old and had his hearing,
Sight and Memory to ye last
He lived in 3 Centurys,
& was buried ye 14th of Apr. 1706

I was shown two very ancient houses, one known as the Welsh house, and the other as Cromwell's house. I copied from the principal window in the Welsh House, this motto, in Welsh;

"Heb Dyw, Heb Dym, Dwya Digon, i. e.,
1595."

Which rendered into English reads:

"Without God, without everything, God
and enough."

The Cromwell house is where Cromwell slept the night before the Battle of Naseby, which is commemorated by a fine monument erected over the battlefield a few miles distant.

Among other noted places I saw "Queen Eleanor's Cross," about one mile from the town, erected by King Edward I in the thirteenth century, the main reason for the cross being to induce passers by to pause and pray for the eternal welfare of the soul of the beloved queen. There also is St. John's hospital founded in 1183, still in use and in good repair; and Abington abbey, dating from the fourteenth century and of particular historic interest by reason of its early ownership. Sir John Bernard married, for his second companion Elizabeth, the

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daughter of Susannah, Shakespeare's eldest daughter, the wife of Dr. Hall of Stratford-on-Avon; so that one of the descendents of the great Bard of Avon lived in the abbey as its last mistress. David Garrick, the great actor of the eighteenth century, planted a mulberry tree upon the lawn, which still lives, and produces fruit, and is duly authenticated by a bronze plate properly inscribed.

Much space would be taken up in recording even a brief reference to the many historical places and incidents interwoven into the history of Northampton, and incidentally, into the history of England, so we pass on.

After the tour through the town with the guide, we lunched at the George hotel, an ancient hostelry with a decided Dickens flavor. After luncheon, a large first-class automobile or motor, as it is called in England, was placed at my disposal. With a competent chauffeur and with the guide as a fellow passenger, the journey was resumed.

Our first stop was at the little village of Ecton, five miles from Northampton, where was born Josiah Franklin, who married and emigrated with his wife and three children to New England in 1682. Dr. Benjamin Franklin was the youngest son of Josiah Franklin, by a second marriage. We found in the little churchyard a Franklin gravestone, inscribed as follows:

HERE LYETH THE BODY OF THOMAS
FRANKLIN, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
JANUARY 6th, ANNO DOM. 1702, IN THE
SIXTY-FIFTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

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I saw the cottage where the ancestors of Franklin were born, still in good state of preservation. After the property was permitted to pass out of the hands of the Franklin family, the cottage was enlarged and made over into a school, and is still known as the Franklin school. During our Revolutionary troubles, Dr. Franklin spent much of his time in England and France, and always visited Ecton at each returning visit; but, notwithstanding these visits, the property and ancestral home were acquired by strangers.

Our next halt was at Althrop house, the home of the Spencer family and famous for its magnificent collection of paintings, the gallery containing examples by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Van Dyck, Holbein, Murillo, Raphael, Romney, Rubens and others of equal reputation. The Earl of Spencer had just died and his remains were lying in state at the time of the visit. As we passed through the churchyard, his grave was being dug, as it was his last request that he be buried alongside his wife, although all his ancestors are entombed in the nave of Great Brington church, dating back to the thirteenth century. The Spencer monuments are all in good condition and illustrate the costumes of the various periods. In this same church are buried members of the Washington family. In the chancel is a funeral slab, dedicated to the memory of Laurence Washington, who died in 1616, and at the foot of the slab are carved these lines:

THOU THAT BY CHANCE OR CHOYCE
OF THIS HATH SIGHT

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KNOW LIFE TO DEATH RESIGNS AS
DAY TO NIGHT;
BUT AS THE SUNNS RETORNE
REVIVES THE DAY
SO CHRIST SHALL US, THOUGH
TURNED TO DUST AND CLAY.

The slab was broken and part of the inscription was illegible, but the care-taker informed us that the death of Margaret Butler, wife of Laurence Washington was also recorded and that her remains were buried beside her husband. In any event, history records that this Laurence Washington's wife's maiden name was Butler.

In the chancel is another memorial slab, recording the death of Robert Washington, brother of Laurence, and his wife, Elizabeth Washington, bearing this inscription:

HERE LIES INTERRED YE BODIES OF
ELIZAB. WASHINGTON WIDDOWE,
WHO CHANGED THIS LIFE FOR IMOR-
TALLITIE YE 19th OF MARCH, 1622
AS ALSO YE BODY OF ROBERT WASH-
INGTON GENT. HER LATE HUSBAND
SECOND SONNE OF ROBERT WASHING-
TON OF SOLGRAVE IN YE COUNTY OF
NORTH ESQ. WHO DEPARTED THIS
LIFE YE 10th OF MARCH 1622,
AFTER THEY LIVED LOVINGLY
TOGETHER.

Robert Washington, as the monument shows, had a "Roosevelt" family, eight sons and nine daughters.

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Two of the sons became respectively Sir John Washington, knight of Thrapston, and the Rev. Laurence Washington, rector of Purleigh Essex, whose eldest son, John, emigrated to America in 1657 and was the great-grandfather of George Washington, the President. Both the slabs referred to bear the Washington coat of arms, the distinguishing features of which are three mullets and two bars (stars and bars).

In this connection a letter received from the rector of Great Brington church is copied or rather that portion referring to the Washington ancestry. The letter is in response to one I wrote asking for information as to the official parish records:

Great Brington Rectory, Northampton, 19th
August 1910.

To Joseph G. Butler, Jr.

Dear Sir:

The only marriage entry of the Washingtons is that of Amy Washington to Philip Curtis, on August 8th, 1620. Amy Washington was a daughter of Robert Laurence Washington who was buried on December 15th, 1616 and his name is entered in the burial register. The only other Washingtons mentioned in our register are:

Robert Washington, buried March 11, 1622, and, Elizabeth Washington his wife, buried March 25th, of the same year.

In a church roll, which is in my possession, dated 1606, a pew is assigned on the south side to Robert Washington and his wife, and a bench inside for his men-servants.

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I am sorry I have no further information to give you respecting the family.

Yours faithfully,

William Martin, B. D.

Rector of Brington.

Thrapston is a small market town twenty-two miles from Northampton; our visit to this place was brief, but the information obtained is of value.

Sir John Washington lived and was buried in Thrapston. He was the uncle of the two Washingtons who emigrated to and founded the Washington family in America.

At the west entrance of the church of St. James, the well known coat of arms and crest are carved in stone. The parish register contains these records:

BAPTISM.

- 1624 PHILIPPUS WASHINGTON FILIUS
JOHANN WASHINGTON ARMIGER
DE THRAPSTON 27 DECEMBRIS.
- 1632 ELIZABETH WASHINGTON,
FILIA JOHANN WASHINGTON
(KNIGHT) EQUITIS AURATI
SEPULTA FRIT DIE JULY 1632
- 1639 GUILIEMUS WASHINGTON GEN-
EROSUS SELPULTUS ERAT
MARTY 25, 1639
- 1668 THE WRIGHT WORSHIPFUL SUR
JOHN WASHINGTON, KNIGHT
AND BARRENNIT MAY 18, 1668.

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We next motored to Little Brington, which contains and which we inspected, a small stone house, known as Washington's house. It is regarded as the home of the Washingtons after their retirement from Sulgrave. Over the doorway, upon a smooth rectangular-shaped stone, are carved these words: "The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away: Blessed be the name of the Lord. Constructa 1606."

Near this house is a sundial, bearing the Washington arms, and "R.W." 1617, probably the initials of Robert Washington, buried in Great Brington church chancel.

We next visited the church of St. Mary's at Sulgrave. This is where the Washingtons worshipped, and are buried. At the east end of the south aisle is a slab of grey stone, on which were originally six brasses, put down as memorials of Laurence Washington and his family. Three of the brasses were removed or stolen by some unknown vandal and three remain, viz:

Laurence Washington's own effigy, a shield of the Washington arms, and another containing the following inscription:

HERE LYETH BURIED YE BODYES OF
LAURENCE WASHINGTON, GENT. &
ANNE HIS WYF BY WHOM HE HAD
ISSUE iiij SONS & ij DAUGHTS WC LAU-
RENCE DYED YE . . . DAY . . . ANO 15 &
ANNE DECEASED THE VJ OF OCTOBER
ANO DNI 1564.

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It would appear from the inscription that Laurence Washington put down the monument after the death of his wife and left a blank space for the date of his own death, which occurred in 1584; but this has not been added.

Our final pilgrimage was to the famous Sulgrave manor, or, as it is now known, the Washington manor. The property is owned by Mr. Reynell Peck of Nether-ton, of whom more later on, and is leased to a farmer tenant, whose name I did not learn. The manor proper is occupied by the tenant and a large family. The caretaker is Miss Annia Cave, who apologized for her appearance by the statement that "the sweep" had just finished his work. Chimney sweeps are still in vogue in some parts of England. Notwithstanding her begrimed dress and somewhat smutty face, Miss Cave was still a comely lass and proved an interesting mine of information, beside furnishing for a nominal consideration some fine photographs.

The manor of Sulgrave was granted to Laurence Washington by Henry VIII in 1538, upon dissolution of the monasteries. Evidently more had been laid out and contemplated than was carried out.

The manor is of stone and the interior is finished solid oak. Some of the beams which I measured are two feet thick, and in perfect condition. The old oaken stairway is shown in the picture, as well as the kitchen. The upper portions are all sleeping rooms and in good condition also. The particular room where was born Laurence Washington, the great-great-grand-

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father of President Washington, was pointed out, and probably the information is correct.

On the lower floor are the remains of a room, evidently a private chapel, but now used as a hall. On each side of the wall appear carvings, which are illustrated also. The house has a high gabled roof, upon the outside of which appear the arms of the Washington family. If any doubt exists as to the origin of the American flag, this should dispel the suspicion, as it is repeated wherever the Washington family are in evidence, and always the same.

There are a number of outhouses of stone and one very large barn, which, with the manor, are in fairly good repair, when it is considered that no one actuated by any particularly patriotic motive is connected with the property.

It seems a strange anomaly that the birthplace of the ancestors of our first and greatest President, should be in the hands of aliens to America, and it at once occurred to me that the property should be acquired by one of our patriotic societies, put in proper condition and with an endowment fund sufficient to care for and maintain it for all time to come, making it a veritable shrine for all patriotic Americans visiting Europe.

With this idea in mind, I obtained from Miss Cave, the address of the owner, and upon my return to London, I wrote him as to his willingness to dispose of the manor. I received a most courteous reply, indicating that he would sell, adding that the estate had been in his family for many generations and he was not anxious to dispose of it.

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It is, therefore, my intention to bring the matter of a purchase or lease of the property to the attention of a number of our patriotic organizations, with the earnest wish that something definite may result therefrom.

Our very able ambassador in London, Hon. Whitelaw Reid, is in sympathy with the suggestion and expressed his willingness to co-operate, and I shall be glad, in my humble way, to assist in securing the estate both by giving the project my personal attention and by a liberal contribution.

The Sulgrave Institution was authorized at a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Sulgrave and the Centenary Committee held at the American Embassy in London, March 7, 1914. The Committee out of which the Institution was created was organized on February 11, 1909. The Institution was incorporated under the laws of the State of New York on the 8th of November, 1917.

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BOARD OF GOVERNORS OF THE SULGRAVE INSTITUTION OWNERS OF THE WASHINGTON MANOR HOUSE
SULGRAVE NORTHANTS ENGLAND

Honorary Chairman and Member ex-Officio:

H. E. The American Ambassador

(The Hon. George Harvey)

Marquess of Crewe, K. G.

Earl Curzon of Kedleston, K. G.

Earl Spencer, K. G.

Viscount Bryce, O. M.

Viscount Burnham

Viscount Cowdray

Viscount Northcliffe

Lord Weardale

Lord Rathcreedan

Sir W. George Watson, Bt.

Sir Sidney Lee, D. Litt.

Sir Harry Brittain, K. B. E., M. P.

Sir Sam Fay

Consul-General R. P. Skinner

The Mayor of Northampton

Mr. Joseph G. Butler, Jr.

Mr. W. Curtis Demorest

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan

Gen. T. Coleman Du Pont

Mr. John A. Stewart

Major-General Leonard Wood

Mr. Robert Donald

Mr. J. L. Garvin

Mrs. John W. Davis

Lady (Arthur) Herbert

Lady Lee of Fareham

Mrs. Woodhull Martin

Lady Rathcreedan

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